SUPERMAN
No. 78
NOV...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
ACTION COMICS
Everything's in a stew until SUPERMAN cooks up a super-recipe to foil the plot against—
"The Chef of Bohemia"

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
HE WAS A COMIC LITTLE FELLOW WITH A HUGE APPETITE FOR ART THAT KEPT HIM CONSTANTLY BROKE. BUT HE WOULD HAVE LANDED IN THE SOUP HAD NOT SUPERMAN COOKED UP SOME SUPER-RECIPES WHICH WERE MORE THAN CRIME COULD STOMACH. SO FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE ONE PEPPERY EPISODE FOLLOWED ANOTHER UNTIL EVERYTHING WOUND UP IN A STEW AS THE MAN OF STEEL STYMIED THE PLOT AGAINST...
"The CHEF of BOHEMIA!"

THIS IS A REAL ESTATE OFFICE. THE GENT IN THE DERBY IS A LAND-LORD. HE OWNS THE PROPERTY OUR STORY IS ABOUT. THE SHARPIE IS BIFF CONDOR, EX-PUG, RACKETEER AND PROPRIETOR OF THE PROSPEROUS NIGHT-CLUB THAT BEARS HIS NAME. THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION? WELL -- SEE FOR YOUR SELF...

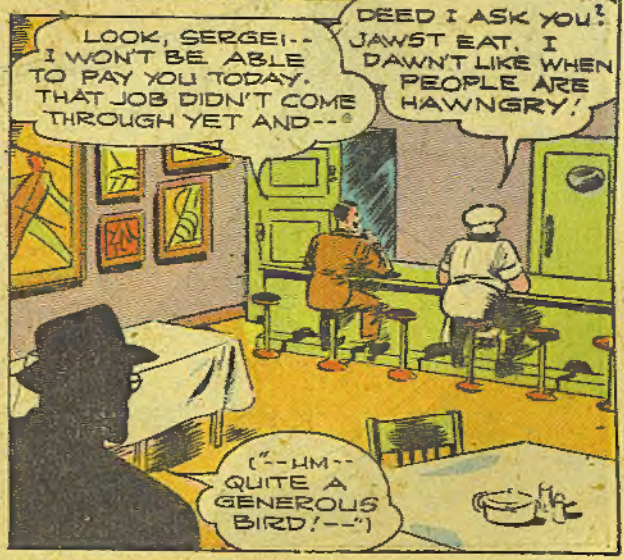
LISTEN -- WHEN I GIVE HIM A FIVE-YEAR LEASE AT SUCH LOW RENT, DID I KNOW THIS WOULD BECOME SUCH A PROSPEROUS NIGHT-CLUB SECTION?
BUT I'M OFFRIN' TRIPLE DA RENT. CAN'TCHA BUY UP HIS LEASE?

NAW! HE'S A CHARACTER. ONLY RUNS HIS HASH-HOUSE TO FEED HIS ARTIST FRIENDS. JUST ABOUT MAKES HIS RENT, BUT HE LOVES THE JOINT.
I STILL GOTTA HAVE DAT CORNER FER ME NEW NIGHT-CLUB!

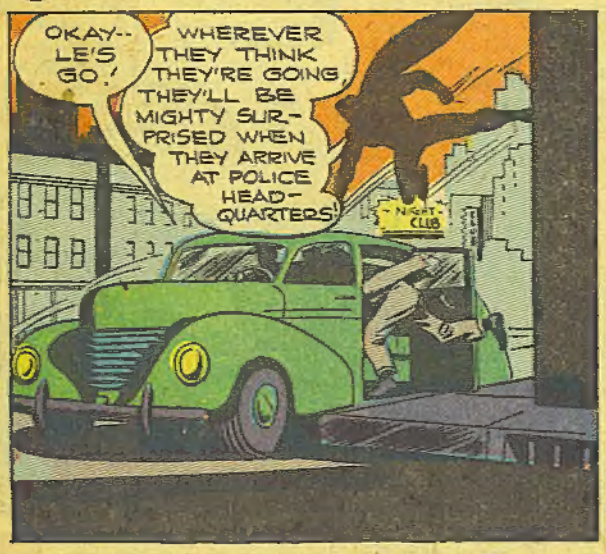
OKAY! IF THIS HERE CHARACTER WON'T SELL, DEN DERE'S UDDER WAYS. LEAVE ME HANDLE DIS, AN' I'LL HAVE HIM OUTA DAT RESTRUNT BUSINESS IN A WEEK!
WELL-ER-ALL RIGHT- IF YOU KEEP IT LEGAL!

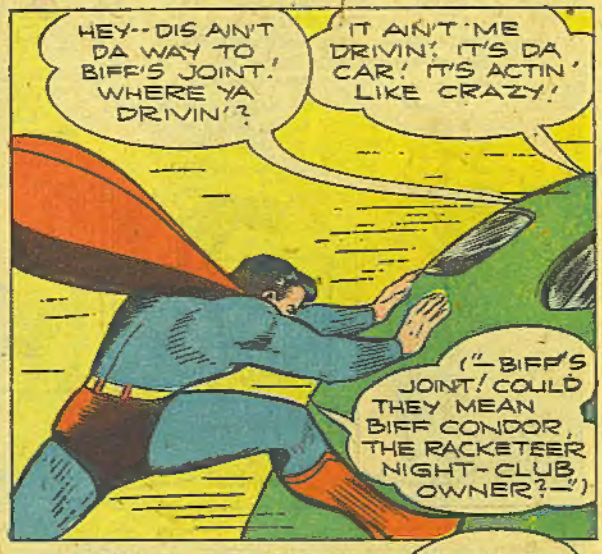
FROM ALL THIS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED THAT THE PROPERTY IN QUESTION IS LOCATED IN LITTLE BOHEMIA, THE FAMED ARTIST'S SECTION OF METROPOLIS, WHERE ONLY TWO HOURS LATER, REPORTER CLARK KENT, HAVING CONCLUDED A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT, IS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LUNCH...

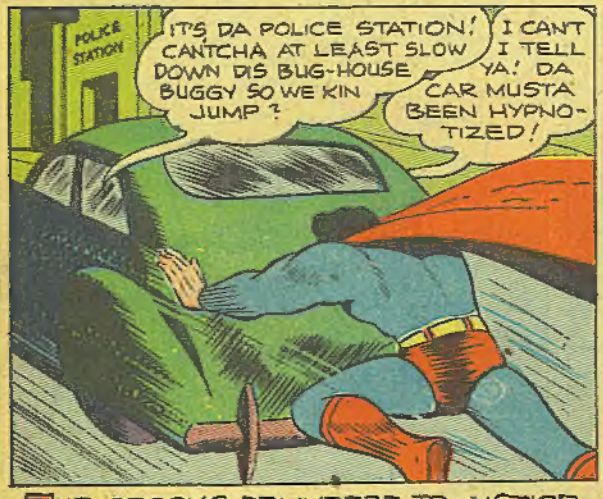
QUEER-LOOKING PLACE... NOTHING BUT ART IN THE WINDOW, BUT I GUESS IT'LL DO FOR A SANDWICH.
Sergei's
BORSHT BOWL
GOOD SANDWICHES AND INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
2


LOOK, SERGEI-- I WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY YOU TODAY. THAT JOB DIDN'T COME THROUGH YET AND--
DEED I ASK YOU? JAWST EAT. I DAWN'T LIKE WHEN PEOPLE ARE HAWNGRY!
("--HM-- QUITE A GENEROUS BIRD!--")

UH-- WHAT KIND OF SANDWICHES HAVE YOU GOT?
SEET DON! ONLY WAN KIND SONDWEECH TODAY-- CLUB SONDWEECH, AWDERWISE KNOWN AS SALAMI AND EGG. I FEEX FOR YOU EEN MEENUTE!
ONE "MEENUTE" BY SERGEI'S TIME-- OR TWENTY MINUTES LATER--
AH-- I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME!
FORGET? I SEE YOU SHOW FAMEELIARITY WEETH EAT-IT-AND-BEAT-IT PLACES RON LIKE FACTORY. BETTER TO BE DEETCH-DEEGER THAN COOK FOR BEEG MOB ALWAYS EEN ROSH!
TOO MANY CAWSTOMERS EEN HURRY DRIVE ME TO CRAZY-HOUSE. I NOD WANT TO GET REECH-JAWST HAVE WEESH TO MAKE MODEST LEEVING WEETH FEW SELECT CAWSTOMERS...
YOUR FOODS GOOD, ANYWAY. WHAT DO I OWE YOU?
FOR POOR FRIENDS, I PUT ON CUFF. ODDER FRIENDS I CHARGE TWENTY CENTS FOR SONDWEECH. YOU BEING STRANGER, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!
THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE KITCHEN, EH? OKAY-- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN!
25
BUT AS CLARK LEAVES, HIS X-RAY EYES FOCUS WITH SUDDEN SUSPICION ON TWO GRIM-FACED STRANGERS JUST ENTERING.
A NEARBY ALLEY. A QUICK CHANGE-- AND SUPERMAN PEERS DOWN INTO THE RESTAURANT FROM THE ROOF ABOVE!
HERE'S DA JERNT. LET'S GO!
(-THESE BIRDS CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK LIKE SERGEI'S FRIENDS. GUNS, EH? I THINK SUPERMAN'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!-")
ALL RIGHT, CHUM-- RING OPEN DA REGISTER AN' HAND OVER DA RUBLES!
BUT-- I NEED THEES MONEY TO PAY RENT TODAY. LONDLORD ALREADY SEEK OXCUSE TO PUT ME OUT!
(-JUST AS I THOUGHT!-")
SO DA LANDLORD'LL PUTCHA OUT, EH? NOW AIN'T DAT TOO BAD!
YOU DON'T ONDERSTAND! IS MANY FINE PEOPLE-- POOR ARTEESTS DEPENDING ON SERGEI FOR FOOD. EEF I'M PUT OUT, THEY STARVE!
3

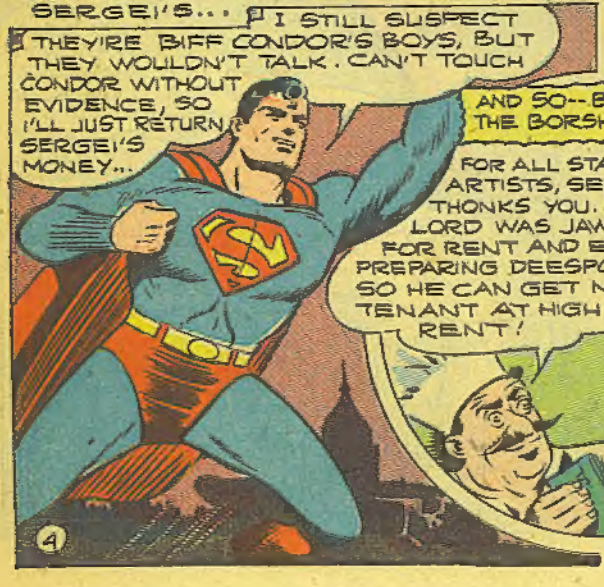

OKAY-- LE'S GO!
WHEREVER THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING, THEY'LL BE MIGHTY SURPRISED WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
NIGHT CLUB


HEY-- DIS AIN'T DA WAY TO BIFF'S JOINT! WHERE YA DRIVIN'?
IT AIN'T ME DRIVIN'! IT'S DA CAR! IT'S ACTIN' LIKE CRAZY!
("-BIFF'S JOINT! COULD THEY MEAN BIFF CONDOR, THE RACKETEER NIGHT-CLUB OWNER?-")


POLICE STATION
IT'S DA POLICE STATION! CANTCHA AT LEAST SLOW DOWN DIS BUG-HOUSE BUGGY SO WE KIN JUMP?
I CANT I TELL YA! DA CAR MUSTA BEEN HYPNOTIZED!

IT'S STOPPED! C'MON- LET'S GIT OUTA-- HUH! SUPERMAN!
DA POLICE STATION AN' SUPERMAN! AN' I DON'T TINK IT'S A COINCI-DENCE!
JOURNEY'S END, BOYS-- BUT I'M NOT CHARGING FOR THE TAXI SERVICE!

THE CROOKS DELIVERED TO JUSTICE, SUPERMAN STREAKS BACK TO SERGEI'S...


I STILL SUSPECT THEY'RE BIFF CONDOR'S BOYS, BUT THEY WOULDN'T TALK. CAN'T TOUCH CONDOR WITHOUT EVIDENCE, SO I'LL JUST RETURN SERGEI'S MONEY...
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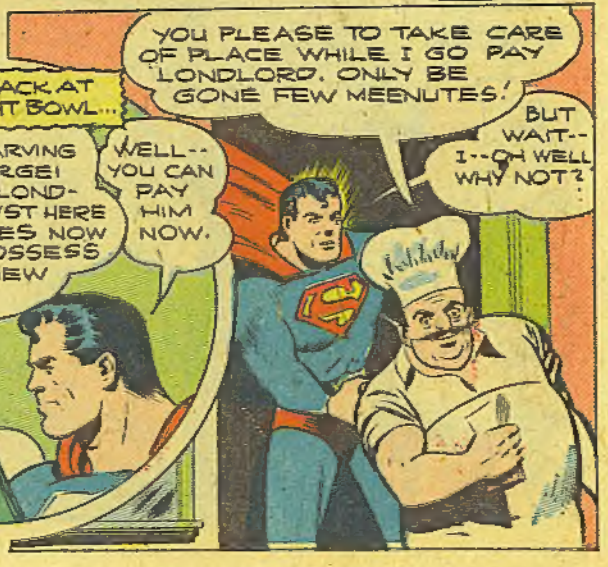
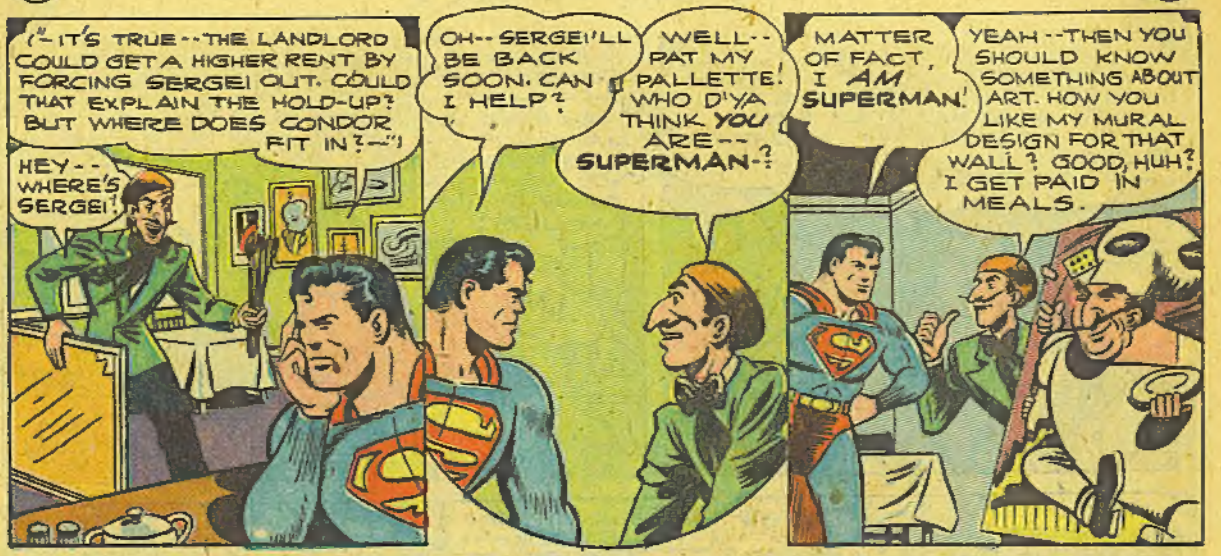
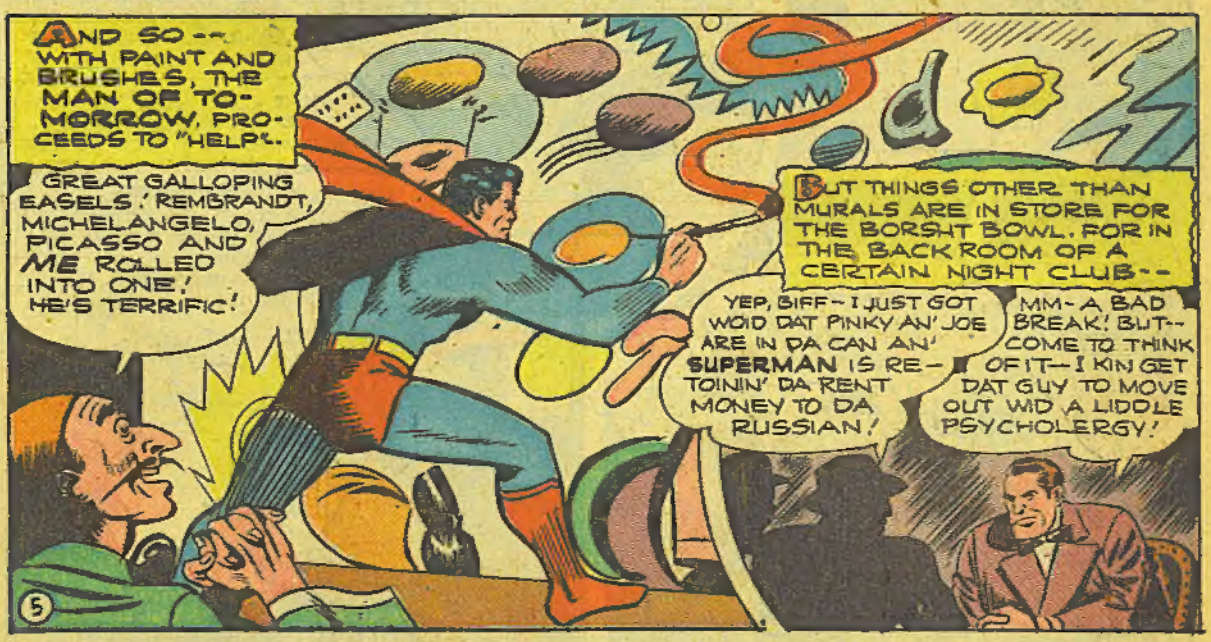
AND SO-- BACK AT THE BORSHT BOWL...

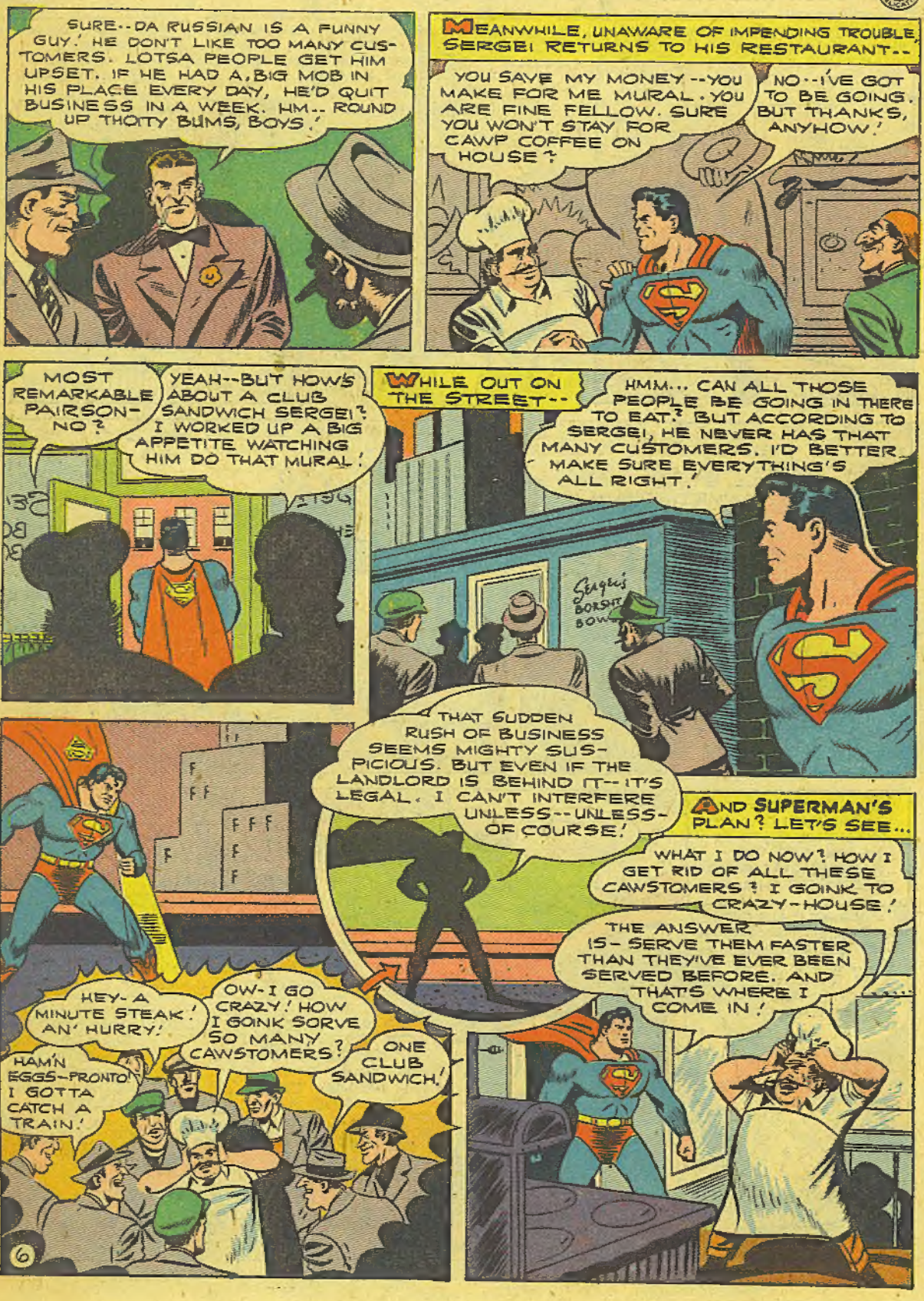

YOU PLEASE TO TAKE CARE OF PLACE WHILE I GO PAY LONDLORD. ONLY BE GONE FEW MEENUTES!
BUT WAIT-- I--OH WELL WHY NOT?
FOR ALL STARVING ARTISTS, SERGEI THONKS YOU. LONDLORD WAS JAWST HERE FOR RENT AND EES NOW PREPARING DEESPOSSESS SO HE CAN GET NEW TENANT AT HIGH RENT!
WELL-- YOU CAN PAY HIM NOW.

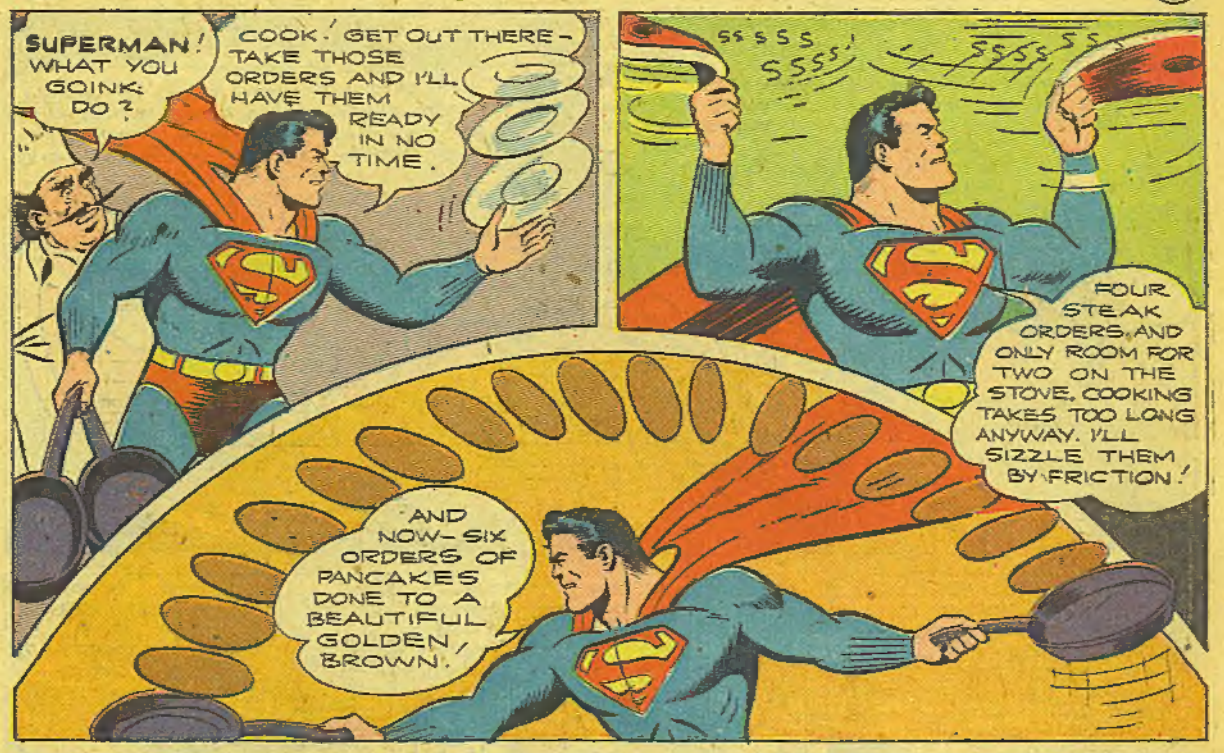

("-IT'S TRUE--THE LANDLORD COULD GET A HIGHER RENT BY FORCING SERGE! OUT. COULD THAT EXPLAIN THE HOLD-UP? BUT WHERE DOES CONDOR FIT IN?--")
HEY--WHERE'S SERGE!
OH--SERGE! I'LL BE BACK SOON. CAN I HELP?
WELL--PAT MY PALLETTE! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE--SUPERMAN-?
MATTER OF FACT, I AM SUPERMAN!
YEAH--THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ART. HOW YOU LIKE MY MURAL DESIGN FOR THAT WALL? GOOD, HUH? I GET PAID IN MEALS.

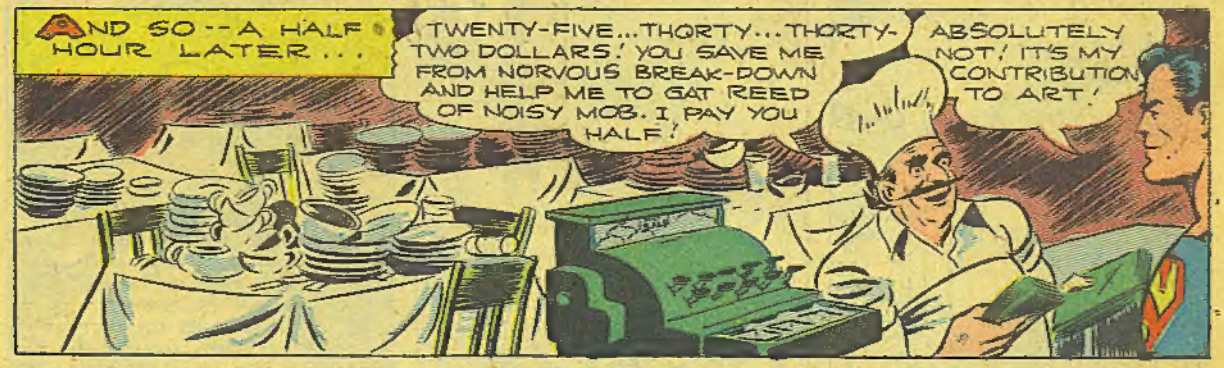
WELL--I GUESS IT'S--
LIKE IT, DO YOU? WELL YOUR OPINION IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. I'LL START WORK IMMEDIATELY.

HEY--YOU AIN'T BUSY NOW. HOW ABOUT HELPING ME?
HELPING YOU? ER--WELL--WHY? NOT.


AND SO--WITH PAINT AND BRUSHES, THE MAN OF TOMORROW, PROCEEDS TO "HELP".
GREAT GALLOPING EASELS! REMBRANDT, MICHELANGELO, PICASSO AND ME ROLLED INTO ONE! HE'S TERRIFIC!
BUT THINGS OTHER THAN MURALS ARE IN STORE FOR THE BORSHT BOWL. FOR IN THE BACK ROOM OF A CERTAIN NIGHT CLUB--
YEP, BIFF--I JUST GOT WOID DAT PINKY AN' JOE ARE IN DA CAN AN' SUPERMAN IS RE-TOININ' DA RENT MONEY TO DA RUSSIAN!
MM-A BAD BREAK! BUT--COME TO THINK OF IT--I KIN GET DAT GUY TO MOVE OUT WID A LIDDLE PSYCHOLERGY!
5


SURE--DA RUSSIAN IS A FUNNY GUY. HE DON'T LIKE TOO MANY CUSTOMERS. LOTSA PEOPLE GET HIM UPSET. IF HE HAD A BIG MOB IN HIS PLACE EVERY DAY, HE'D QUIT BUSINESS IN A WEEK. HM-- ROUND UP THOTTY BUMS, BOYS.
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF IMPENDING TROUBLE, SERGEI RETURNS TO HIS RESTAURANT--
YOU SAVE MY MONEY--YOU MAKE FOR ME MURAL. YOU ARE FINE FELLOW. SURE YOU WON'T STAY FOR CAWP COFFEE ON HOUSE?
NO--I'VE GOT TO BE GOING. BUT THANKS, ANYHOW!
MOST REMARKABLE PAIRSON-NO?
YEAH--BUT HOW'S ABOUT A CLUB SANDWICH SERGEI? I WORKED UP A BIG APPETITE WATCHING HIM DO THAT MURAL!
WHILE OUT ON THE STREET--
HMM... CAN ALL THOSE PEOPLE BE GOING IN THERE TO EAT? BUT ACCORDING TO SERGEI, HE NEVER HAS THAT MANY CUSTOMERS. I'D BETTER MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!
THAT SUDDEN RUSH OF BUSINESS SEEMS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS. BUT EVEN IF THE LANDLORD IS BEHIND IT--IT'S LEGAL. I CAN'T INTERFERE UNLESS--UNLESS--OF COURSE!
AND SUPERMAN'S PLAN? LET'S SEE...
WHAT I DO NOW? HOW I GET RID OF ALL THESE CAWSTOMERS? I GOINK TO CRAZY-HOUSE!
THE ANSWER IS--SERVE THEM FASTER THAN THEY'VE EVER BEEN SERVED BEFORE. AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!
HEY-A MINUTE STEAK! AN' HURRY!
OW-I GO CRAZY! HOW I GOINK SORVE SO MANY CAWSTOMERS?
ONE CLUB SANDWICH!
HAM'N EGGS--PRONTO! I GOTTA CATCH A TRAIN!
6


SUPERMAN! WHAT YOU GOINK DO?
COOK! GET OUT THERE—TAKE THOSE ORDERS AND I'LL HAVE THEM READY IN NO TIME.
SSSSS SSSSS!
FOUR STEAK ORDERS, AND ONLY ROOM FOR TWO ON THE STOVE. COOKING TAKES TOO LONG ANYWAY. I'LL SIZZLE THEM BY FRICTION!
AND NOW—SIX ORDERS OF PANCAKES DONE TO A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN BROWN!


AND SO—A HALF HOUR LATER...
TWENTY-FIVE...THORTY...THORTY-TWO DOLLARS! YOU SAVE ME FROM NORVOUS BREAK-DOWN AND HELP ME TO GAT REED OF NOISY MOB. I PAY YOU HALF!
ABSOLUTELY NOT! IT'S MY CONTRIBUTION TO ART!

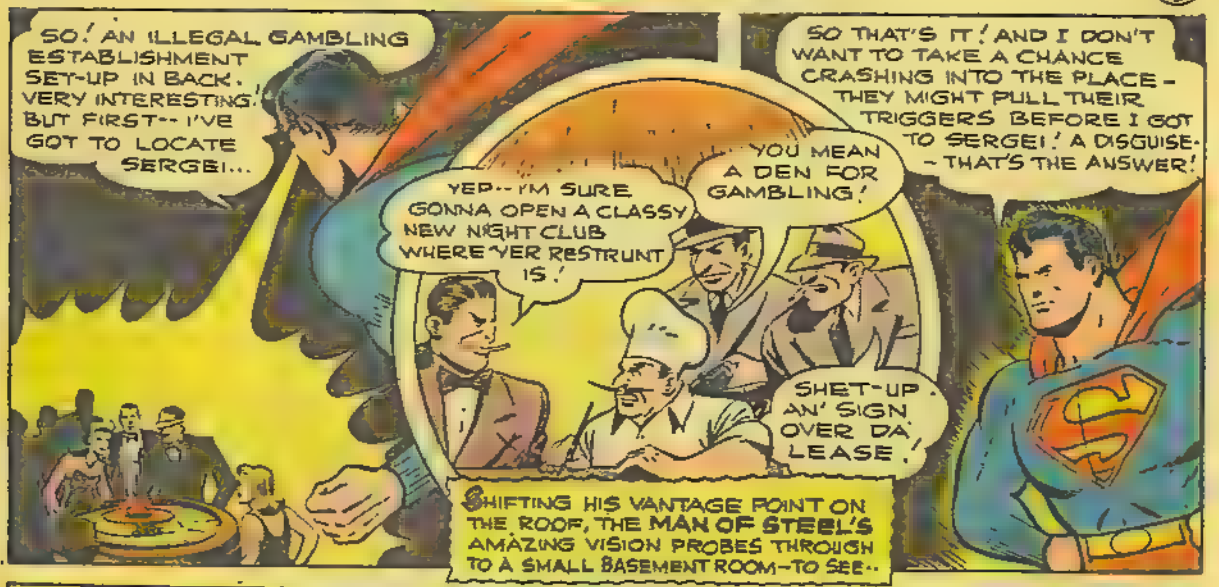
EEF YOU NOD TAKE MONEY, YOU MAWST ACCEPT DEEFERENT TOKEN OF GRATITUDE. AWDERWISE I BE BEINSALTED. I NOD SPIK TO YOU.
WELL—I WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!

WANDERFOOL! YOU OCCEPT! YOU COOK FOR ME—I COOK FOR YOU! COMES SIX-THIRTY O'CLOCK, I CLOSE. THEN, I PREPARE DEENER FOR SUPERMAN—. SERGEI'S SPASHUL BIFF STROGANOFF—ABSOLUTE DELEECIOUS! YES?

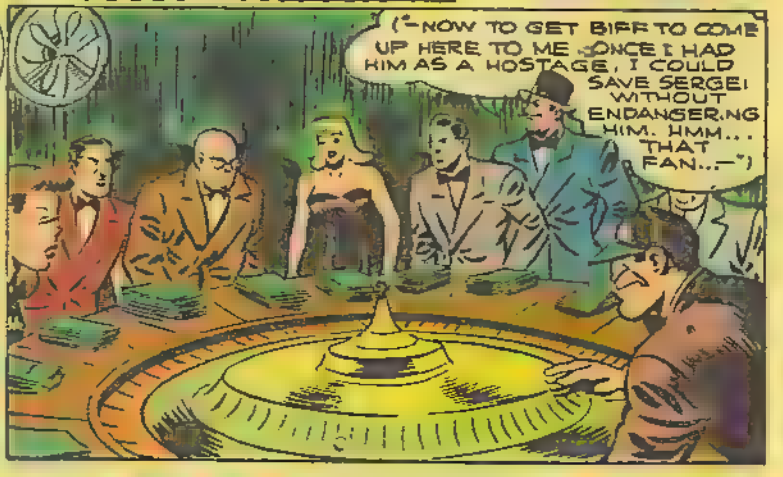
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT, SERGEI! ALL RIGHT—IT'S A DATE!
REMAMBER—SEVEN O'CLOCK SHARP I EXPACTING YOU!

BUT MEANWHILE, MR. BIFF CONDOR MAKES CERTAIN PLANS OF HIS OWN...
SERVED 'EM ALL IN A HALF-HOUR, DID HE? THEN IT'S A CINCH THAT SYSTEM WON'T WORK. I'M GETTIN' TIRED O' LETTIN' THAT DAFFY STEW-PEDDLER PUSH ME AROUND.
DON'T BLAME YA, BIFF.
THE LANDLORD SAID "GO EASY." OKAY--I TOL' THE BOYS NOT TO HOIT HIM WHEN THEY ROBBED HIM. SO WHAT HAPPENS? THEY LAND IN DA CAN. DEN I TRY PSYCHOLERGY. DAT WUZ NO GOOD NOW I'LL TRY IT MY WAY AN' HANG DA LANDLORD.
YOU GUYS GIT OVER TO DAT RESTRUNT AN' BRING DAT BORSHT HOUND HERE. I'M 'GONNA MAKE HIM SIGN OVER HIS LEASE TO ME! DAT WAY I KIN GET HIS JOINT AN' PAY DA SAME RENT HE'S PAYIN'. GOT IT?
OKAY, BOSS--OKAY.
AND SO-AT SIX-THIRTY...
WHAT EES MATTER? CAN'T YOU READ SIGN ON DOOR: OBSOLUTE CLAWSED? I NOT SORVING ANYMORE TODAY.
WE DON'T READ SIGNS, BUD.
A GENT BY DA NAME O' BIFF CONDOR WANTSA SEE YA-- SO WE COME TO ESCORT YA DERE.
BIFF CONDOR--THE RACKETEER? I NOD DEALING WEETH HEEM.
BETTER COME QUIET IF YA WANNA STAY HEALTHY.
BIFF CONDOR, HAH? WAL, FELLOWS--I NOD ARGUING WEETH BULLETS, SO I BE READY EEN MEENUTE. FORST--CAN I OFFER YOU NIZE BIFF SONDWEECH ON HOUSE?
BEEF SANDWICH! QUIT CLOWNIN' AN' C'MON.
ALL RIGHT! WAD FOR YOU POOSHING? I'M CAWMING.
MAKE IT SNAPPY. WE AIN'T GOT ALL EVENING.

SO, SEVEN O'CLOCK FINDS SUPERMAN ON TIME FOR HIS DINNER DATE -- BUT...
THAT'S FUNNY! WHERE CAN SERGEI BE? DID HE FORGET? OR MAYBE HE STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE, AND LEFT THE DOOR OPEN FOR ME. BUT NO--THAT ICE-BOX DOOR!
NO RESTAURANT OWNER WOULD WALK OUT AND LEAVE HIS ICE-BOX OPEN! HELLO--WHAT'S THIS PIECE OF BEEF DOING ON THE COUNTER? SERGEI'S QUEER, BUT HE WOULDN'T LEAVE A HUNK OF MEAT AROUND LIKE THIS!
MAYBE SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! WHY'D HE LEAVE THIS BEEF ON THE COUNTER? HE KNEW I WAS COMING! WAS HE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING? BEEF ON THE COUNTER--HM...
BEEF... COUNTER--NO--DOESN'T MAKE SENSE BUT WAIT-- I'M FORGETTING HIS ACCENT. HE'D PRONOUNCE IT: "BIFF ON CONDOR--" HUH? WHAT AM I SAYING? BIFF CONDOR!
WHY--IT'S FARCICAL! THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! BUT BY GOSH--IT MAKES SENSE! THOSE TWO CROOKS I GRABBED TODAY MENTIONED BIFF! ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT CONDOR COULD WANT WITH SERGEI, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN SPOT FROM THE OUTSIDE FIRST..
WALLS OF BRICK AND STEEL DISSOLVE BEFORE THE PENETRATING X-RAY VISION OF SUPERMAN TO REVEAL...
NOTHING BUT THE USUAL NIGHT-CLUB SCENE. NO SIGN OF BIFF OR SERGEI... BUT THERE MUST BE A ROOM IN BACK!
Biff Condor's
9

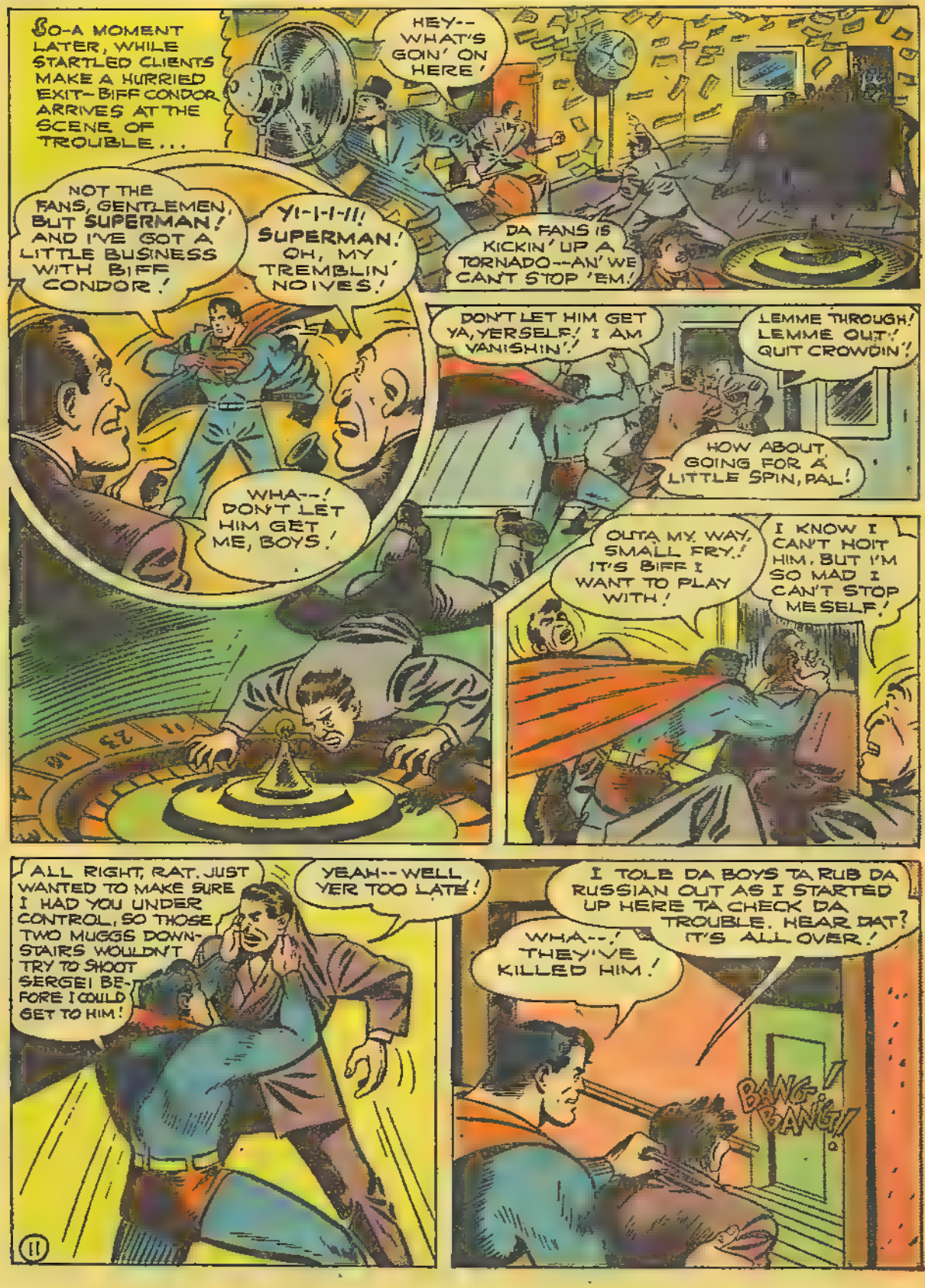

SO! AN ILLEGAL GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT SET-UP IN BACK. VERY INTERESTING. BUT FIRST-- I'VE GOT TO LOCATE SERGE!...
YEP-- I'M SURE GONNA OPEN A CLASSY NEW NIGHT CLUB WHERE'VER RESTRUNT IS.'
YOU MEAN A DEN FOR GAMBLING!
SHET-UP AN' SIGN OVER DA LEASE.'
SO THAT'S IT! AND I DON'T WANT TO TAKE A CHANCE CRASHING INTO THE PLACE - THEY MIGHT PULL THEIR TRIGGERS BEFORE I GOT TO SERGE! A DISGUISE - THAT'S THE ANSWER!
SHIFTING HIS VANTAGE POINT ON THE ROOF, THE MAN OF STEEL'S AMAZING VISION PROBES THROUGH TO A SMALL BASEMENT ROOM-TO SEE..

A SHORT WHILE LATER...
ER--I'D LIKE TO HAVE A FLING AT ROULETTE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
WELL, IF YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, I GUESS YOU'RE OKAY!


(-NOW TO GET BIFF TO COME UP HERE TO ME. ONCE I HAD HIM AS A HOSTAGE, I COULD SAVE SERGE! WITHOUT ENDANGERING HIM. HMM... THAT FAN..-")

A LEAP, AND A SNAP OF THE WRIST TOO FAST FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW, AND SUPERMAN SETS THE FAN BLADES SPINNING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...
HEY-- IT'S GETTIN' DRAFTY!
MY DOUGH! IT'S BLOWING AWAY!

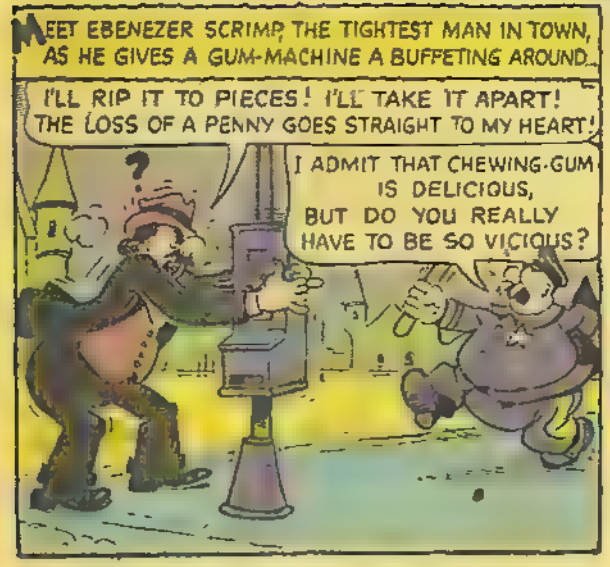
IT'S A TYPHOON! SUMPIN'S WRONG WITH THE FAN! SHUT IT OFF - QUICK!
I DID SHUT IT OFF! BUT IT WON'T STOP!
SOMEBODY GET HOLDA BIFF! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!


SO-A MOMENT LATER, WHILE STARTLED CLIENTS MAKE A HURRIED EXIT-BIFF CONDOR ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF TROUBLE...
HEY-- WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!
DA FANS IS KICKIN' UP A TORNADO--AN' WE CAN'T STOP 'EM!
NOT THE FANS, GENTLEMEN, BUT SUPERMAN! AND I'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS WITH BIFF CONDOR!
YI-I-I-I!! SUPERMAN! OH, MY TREMBLIN' NOIVES!
WHA--! DON'T LET HIM GET ME, BOYS!
DON'T LET HIM GET YA, YERSELF! I AM VANISHIN'!
LEMME THROUGH! LEMME OUT! QUIT CROWDIN'!
HOW ABOUT GOING FOR A LITTLE SPIN, PAL!
OUTTA MY WAY, SMALL FRY! IT'S BIFF I WANT TO PLAY WITH!
I KNOW I CAN'T HOIT HIM. BUT I'M SO MAD I CAN'T STOP MESELF!
ALL RIGHT, RAT. JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE I HAD YOU UNDER CONTROL, SO THOSE TWO MUGGS DOWNSTAIRS WOULDN'T TRY TO SHOOT SERGEI BEFORE I COULD GET TO HIM!
YEAH-- WELL, YER TOO LATE!
I TOLE DA BOYS TA RUB DA RUSSIAN OUT AS I STARTED UP HERE TA CHECK DA TROUBLE. HEAR DAT? IT'S ALL OVER!
WHA--! THEY'VE KILLED HIM!
BANG! BANG!
11

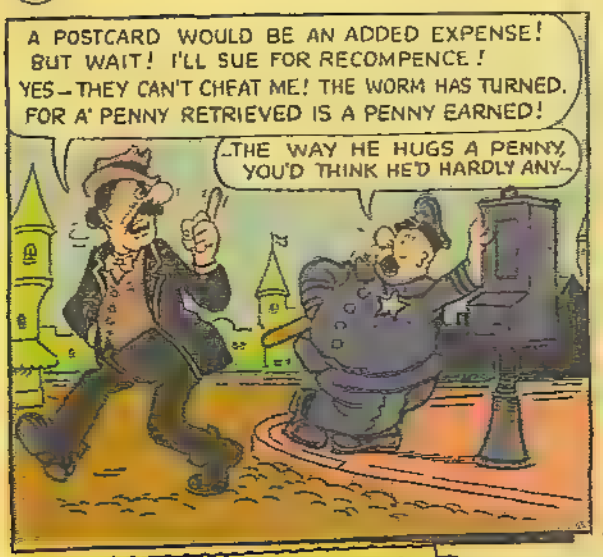
GRIPPED BY SUDDEN RAGING FURY, THE MAN OF STEEL CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR BELOW TO FIND--
SERGEI! YOU--YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
SURE! WHAT YOU TINK? I AM NOD SMART ENOUGH FELLOW TO TURN TABLES ON MENTALLY DEFACTIVE HOODLUMS?
WHEN FORST FELLOW STEECK GUN EEN MY BACK, I DROP HALF-DOLLAR FROM HAND TO FLOOR. GREEDY HOODLUM TORN AUTOMOTICALLY TO LOOK. I SNATCH QUEECK HEES GUN--
THEY FELL FOR AN OLD GAG LIKE THAT?
NOT OLD GAG AT ALL--I INSEEST! MAWST CLEVAIR PSYCHOLOGY! NEXT--AWDER WAN PULL GUN BUT I SHOOT EET FROM HEES HAND!
AND SOME SHOT! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO HANDLE A GUN?
NEVAIR TAWCH GUN BEFORE IN LIFE. MAYBE WHAT GAMBLER FELLOWS CALL "BEGEENER'S LAWCK"!
THIS IS REALLY THE END OF OUR STORY--EXCEPT FOR THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF THE CROOKS UPSTAIRS. BUT SUPERMAN NABBED THEM BEFORE THEY COULD GET VERY FAR... AND THE REST IS EPILOGUE. HOWEVER, WE THINK YOU'D LIKE TO BE IN ON IT...
SO--THIS IS BEEF STROGANOFF! IT'S DELICIOUS!
WHAT YOU MEAN--BIFF STROGANOFF? THEES EES SPECIAL NEW DEESH I INVENT IN HONOR OF VERY FINE FELLOW!
SEE--I MAKE SPASHUL SIGN FOR EET!
SUPERMAN STEW
• TASTY. • DELICIOUS. • SUCCULENT.
CHOCK-FULL OF MINERALS AND VITAMINS FOR BULGING MUSCLES AND SUPER-ENERGY.
Not just a stew—but a tonic for you!
12

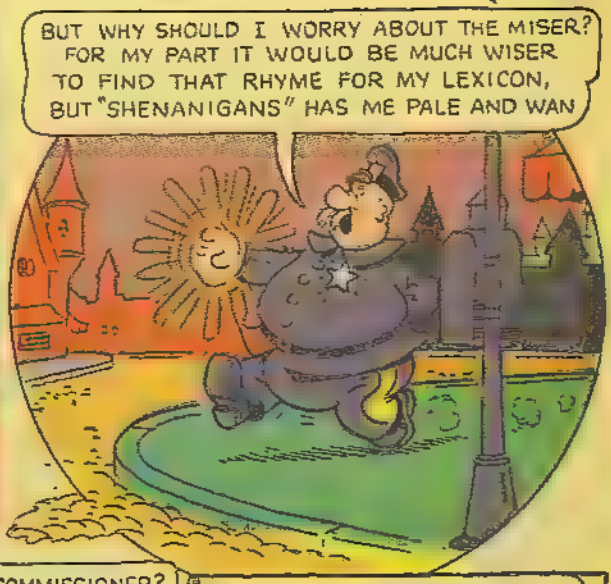
HAYFOOT HENRY

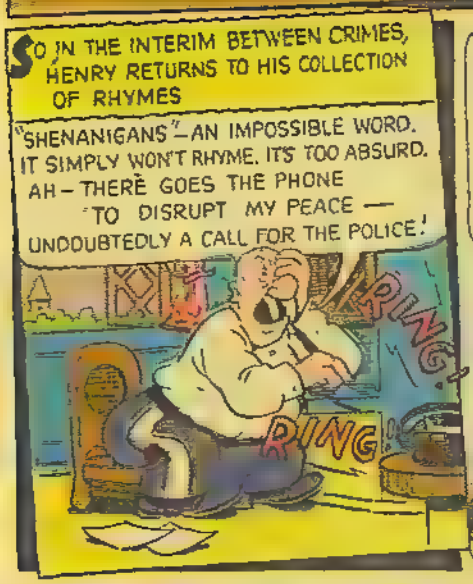
WHAT SIGHT MORE GLORIOUS THAN AN ANCIENT TREE, A LONELY GIANT FROM AN EARLY CENTURY, UPON WHOSE ROUGH, SCARRED BARK IS STILL DISPLAYED THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO ONCE ENJOYED ITS SHADE! WHAT BLACKENED SOUL, WHAT HEARTLESS EVIL CLOWN WOULD DARE TO CUT THIS KINDLY GIANT DOWN? EVEN HENRY THE COP IS MYSTIFIED BY SO FOUL AN ACT IN SLEEPYSIDE, UNTIL A GAME OF BASEBALL TELLS A TALE THAT LANDS THE HEARTLESS VILLAIN SAFE IN JAIL, AFTER A THRILLING CHASE WHICH SHOULD PROVOKE A SECOND READING OF...
THE BLOKE WHO CROAKED THE OAK!


MEET EBENEZER SCRIMP, THE TIGHTEST MAN IN TOWN, AS HE GIVES A GUM-MACHINE A BUFFETING AROUND.
I'LL RIP IT TO PIECES! I'LL TAKE IT APART! THE LOSS OF A PENNY GOES STRAIGHT TO MY HEART!
I ADMIT THAT CHEWING-GUM IS DELICIOUS, BUT DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO BE SO VICIOUS?

BUT I PUT IN A PENNY AND NO GUM CAME OUT!
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE IT SUCH A CLOUT! INSTEAD OF DESTROYING PROPERTEE WHY DON'T YOU WRITE TO THE COMPANEE?

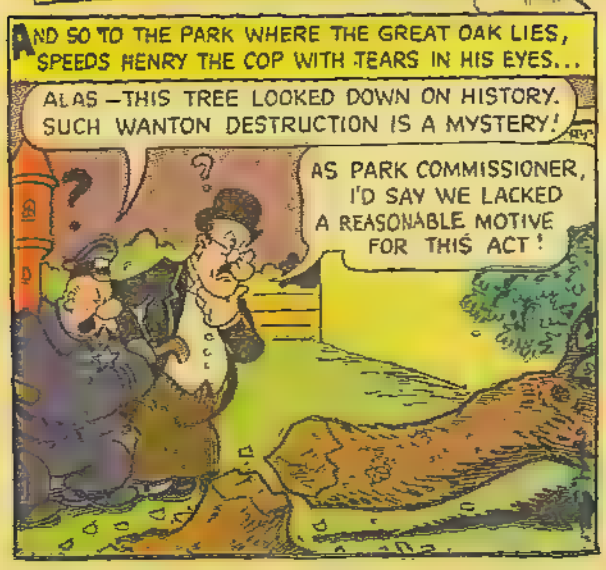

A POSTCARD WOULD BE AN ADDED EXPENSE! BUT WAIT! I'LL SUE FOR RECOMPENCE! YES—THEY CAN'T CHEAT ME! THE WORM HAS TURNED. FOR A PENNY RETRIEVED IS A PENNY EARNED!
THE WAY HE HUGS A PENNY, YOU'D THINK HE'D HARDLY ANY—


BUT WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT THE MISER? FOR MY PART IT WOULD BE MUCH WISER TO FIND THAT RHYME FOR MY LEXICON, BUT "SHENANIGANS" HAS ME PALE AND WAN


SO IN THE INTERIM BETWEEN CRIMES, HENRY RETURNS TO HIS COLLECTION OF RHYMES
"SHENANIGANS"—AN IMPOSSIBLE WORD. IT SIMPLY WON'T RHYME. IT'S TOO ABSURD. AH—THERE GOES THE PHONE TO DISRUPT MY PEACE — UNDOUBTEDLY A CALL FOR THE POLICE!
RING! RING!

THE PARK COMMISSIONER? IS THIS A JOKE? SOMEONE CUT DOWN THE OLD SLEEPYSIDE OAK? BUT IT'S OVER NINE-HUNDRED YEARS OF AGE—THE TOWN LAND-MARK! THE PEOPLE WILL RAGE!

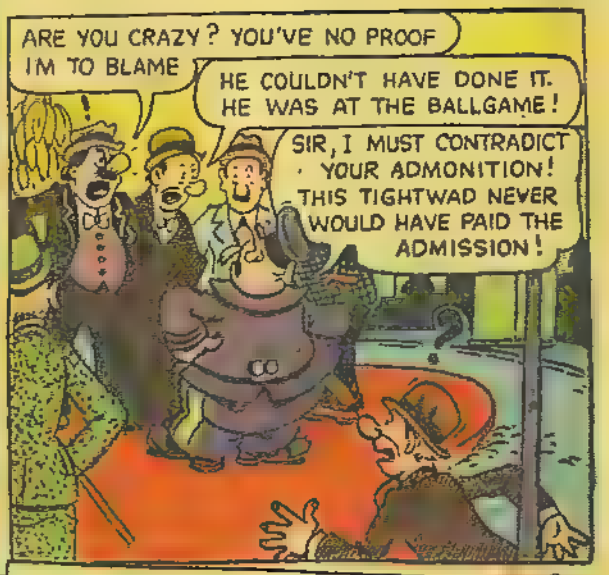
THE OAK CUT DOWN! MY HEART IS WRUNG! GREAT MEN'S INITIALS WERE CARVED IN ITS BARK. THE MAYOR'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER THERE WAS HUNG, AND IT WAS THE ONLY TREE WE HAD IN THE PARK!


AND SO TO THE PARK WHERE THE GREAT OAK LIES, SPEEDS HENRY THE COP WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES...
ALAS—THIS TREE LOOKED DOWN ON HISTORY. SUCH WANTON DESTRUCTION IS A MYSTERY!
AS PARK COMMISSIONER, I'D SAY WE LACKED A REASONABLE MOTIVE FOR THIS ACT!

IF I'D A RHYME FOR "SHENANIGANS," MY HEAD WOULD BE CLEARER, THE WHOLE THING WOULD BE AS PLAIN AS A MIRROR!
CRACK
HENRY, WATCH OUT! OR YOU'LL GET A CLOUT!
2

OOOH! I'M SHOT! I'M HIT IN THE CRANIUM!
NO – IT'S ONLY A BASEBALL HIT FROM THE STADIUM!
BOING!
NOW MY HEAD'S IN A WHIRL, I CAN'T THINK AT ALL! DRAT THIS CONFOUNDED GAME OF BALL! I MUST REST MY HEAD, THOUGH IT FILLS ME WITH SORROW, THIS CRIME MUST REST UNTIL TOMORROW!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU CAN STILL GET AROUND. THAT LUMP ON YOUR HEAD MUST WEIGH A POUND
HENRY YAWNS AS THE NEXT DAY DAWNS...
I'VE SLEPT THE NIGHT THROUGH AND MY HEAD FEELS FINE, BUT IF I DON'T CATCH THAT VANDAL, I'LL HAVE TO RESIGN!
NO MOTIVE – THAT'S WHAT PUZZLES ME. WHY SHOULD A MAN CUT DOWN A TREE? AH – THERE'S SCRIMP, THE MISER, MAKING A SPEECH. MUST'VE LOST ANOTHER PENNY TO HEAR HIM SCREECH!
BUT MONEY IS NOT IN QUESTION AT ALL, FOR SCRIMP IS TALKING ABOUT BASEBALL!
AND I SAW HIM SLIDE RIGHT INTO THE PLATE. THE THROW WAS WIDE – IT CAME TOO LATE. AND THE FINAL SCORE WAS NINE TO EIGHT!
SCRIMP MUST'VE SEEN THE BALLGAME – BUT WAIT! –
A SUDDEN THOUGHT – AND WITHOUT HESITATION, HENRY RACES TO THE SCENE OF DESECRATION!
I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED IT AT ONCE! IT'S THE ONLY MOTIVE – I'VE BEEN A DUNCE!
THE STADIUM THERE – AND SCRIMP'S HOUSE THERE – SO THE WHOLE TRUTH IS NOW LAID BARE! I'LL ARREST SCRIMP AT ONCE! HE'S WORSE THAN A THIEF! THE TOWN IS OUTRAGED! HIS TRIAL WILL BE BRIEF!

SO HENRY RETURNS TO MAKE THE PINCH WHILE SCRIMP PRATES ON LIKE A TALKATIVE FINCH!
AND THEN WILSON STEPPED UP AND CLOUTED A DOUBLE! THE VISITING TEAM WAS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!
ALL RIGHT, SCRIMP— YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR CHOPPING DOWN THE OLD OAK TREE!


ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'VE NO PROOF I'M TO BLAME
HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT. HE WAS AT THE BALLGAME!
SIR, I MUST CONTRADICT YOUR ADMONITION! THIS TIGHTWAD NEVER WOULD HAVE PAID THE ADMISSION!

HIS EYE-WITNESS DESCRIPTION IS NO ALIBI-PROOF, HE OVERLOOKS THE BALL-PARK FROM HIS ROOF! HIS LINE OF VISION WAS BROKEN BY THE TREE, SO HE SIMPLY CUT IT DOWN TO SEE THE BALLGAME FREE!

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, IT'S SO! THAT TIGHTWAD WOULD DO ANYTHING TO SAVE SOME DOUGH!
IF HE REALLY CUT DOWN THAT GRAND OLD TREE, HE BELONGS IN A CELL, YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME!

LOOK! THE SKINFLINT IS GETTING AWAY!
AND HE TOOK THE BANANAS! LET'S GET HIM, I SAY!
FRUIT

STEALING BANANAS AND CUTTING DOWN TREES HE OUGHT TO BE HUNG, THE BIG PIECE OF CHEESE!
STEALING BANANAS BY THE BATCH— WHY, HE BELONGS IN THE BOOBY HATCH!

BUT EBENEZER SCRIMP IS NO MENTAL DEFECTIVE, THE BANANAS, HE USES TO BALK THE DETECTIVE
OOPS! I'VE SLIPPED! SO THAT'S WHY THE BANANAS WERE GYPPED!
HOPE THOSE PEELS DON'T GET IN MY WAY. CLEVER SHENANIGANS, I MUST SAY. HMM... WONDER IF I'LL FIND MY RHYME TODAY!
DOWNHILL THE BREAKNECK CHASE CONTINUES WITH HAYFOOT HENRY STRAINING HIS SINEWS!
THIS WAY I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM, BUT I FEEL THAT TWO CAN USE A BANANA PEEL!
ONLY HENRY SHORTYFELLOW TO WORRY ABOUT. IT WON'T BE LONG TILL I TIRE HIM OUT!
BUT HENRY STILL IS IN THE RACE! AS HE LEAPS ON A PEEL TO QUICKEN HIS PACE!
JUST LIKE SKIING, ONLY MORE FUN!
OH DEAR, I SEEM TO BE UNDONE!
OOPS —YOU REALLY MUST PARDON MY HASTE!
ALAS —HE'S GOT ME! I'M DISGRACED!
CRASH!
AND I THOUGHT, BY USING BANANA SKINS, I'D GET AWAY!
EUREKA! THAT'S IT! MY RHYME! - HOORAY!
AT LEAST THE MEALS IN JAIL ARE FREE... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
"SHENANIGANS"! "BANANA SKINS"! THAT RHYME WILL DO QUITE WELL! AFTER I WRITE IT DOWN, I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR CELL!

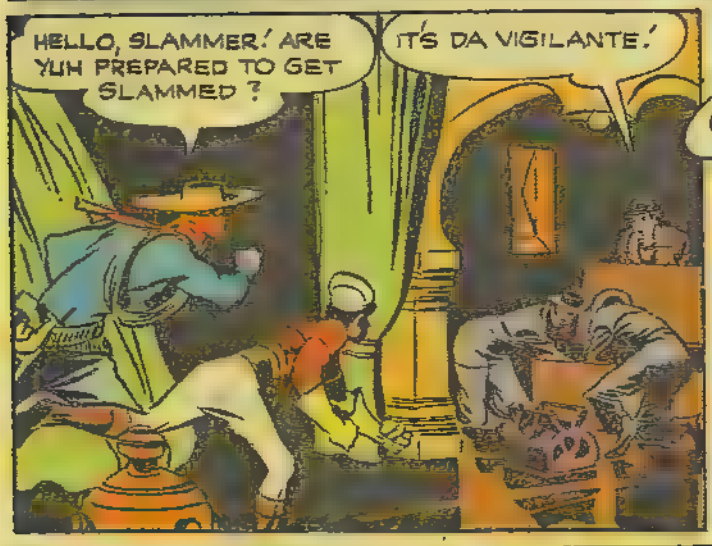
Vigilante
MORT MESKIN
WHEN ULTRA-MODERN PAINTINGS ARE PONDERED AND PRAISED BY THE TOWN'S CRIMINAL CHARACTERS, AND THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD SEEMS TO SWAP CRIME FOR CULTURE, A SERIES OF PERFECTLY-PLANNED RAIDS AND ROBBERIES THAT STRIP THE MANSIONS OF MAGNATES BECOMES AN EVER DEEPER MYSTERY... UNTIL VALIANT VIGILANTE AND SCRAPPY STUFF GO RASCAL-ROPING, AND USE BOTH PUNCHES AND PAINT TO CRACK THE CURIOUS CASE OF..."PORTRAITS FOR PLUNDER!"

GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, STROLL DOWN A CITY STREET...
AIN'T WE GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT ALL THESE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES, GREG?
WISH WE COULD, STUFF, BUT THERE JUST HAVEN'T BEEN ANY CLUES FOR THE VIGILANTE TO START ON!
RICH HOMES BEIN' LOOTED--ME HON N' FOR ACTION, AND WE CAN'T GET TO FIRST BASE!
ART GALLERY
WE'LL SEE!
SUDDENLY, STUFF RECOGNIZES OLD ENEMIES OF FORMER FIGHTS!
THERE'S THE SLAMMER AND HIS MOB! COME ON, PAL!
OKAY, PARDNER, BUT NO ROUGH STUFF! THEY'RE PAROLED AND NOT WANTED BY THE POLICE!
INSIDE THE GALLERY OF MODERN ART...
I DON'T SAVVY SOME OF THESE PICTURES!
SLAMMER AND HIS PALS SEEM TO LIKE THEM!
SEVEN, AN' DA NUMBER T'REE! NOTICE DA SUPOIB PLACIN' OF DOSE SYMBOLIC NOOMERALS!
DIS NUMBER T'REE IS GREAT! DAT'S A MASTERPIECE TO REMEMBER!
NOW DAT'S WOT I CALL ARTISTIC! AND FUTURISTIC!
YEAH! IT'S GONNA BE WOITH LOTSA DOUGH! COLLOUSAL!
2

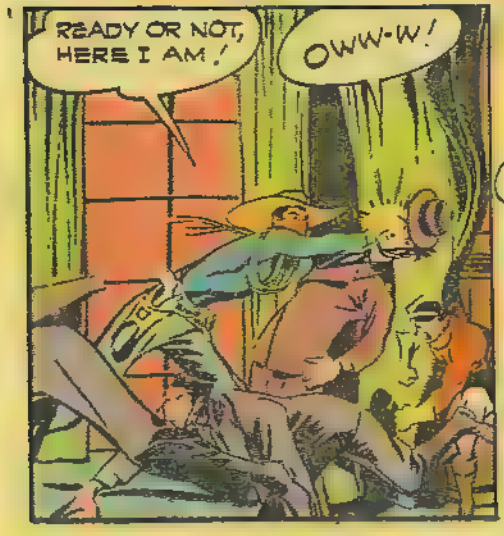
COME ON, STUFF! YOU CAN'T JAIL A FORMER CROOK JUST FOR ADMIRING ART!
IT LOOKS MIGHTY QUEER TO ME!
NEXT DAY...
ANOTHER DAY, AN' STILL NO WORK FOR THE VIGILANTE!
LET'S CATCH THE POLICE REPORTS!
THE VAN DOW MANSION WAS LOOTED LAST NIGHT--AN ALERT GUEST RECOGNIZED TRIGGER COLLINS, A CONVICT RECENTLY RELEASED FROM PRISON! PICK UP COLLINS! THAT IS ALL!
BUT THAT'S ENOUGH! TRIGGER'S A DUMB YEGG WHO USED TO BE IN SLAMMER'S MOB!
ACTION AT LAST, VIG!
ON A HUNCH, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THAT ART GALLERY HANGOUT! MAYBE WE CAN QUESTION TRIGGER'S OLD FRIENDS!
THERE'S THE MOB NOW!
NUMBER 6! IT'S DA DESOTED SIDE STREET! DAT'S WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TA START!
TRIGGER COLLINS ISN'T WITH THEM--BUT THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING! LET'S TAG ALONG!
STEALTHY STALKING ENDS IN A SURPRISE!
AM I SEEIN' THINGS? THEY SKIDDED DOWN THIS OL' MANHOLE!
WE'LL FOLLOW RIGHT ALONG, PARDNER!
WANTED
3

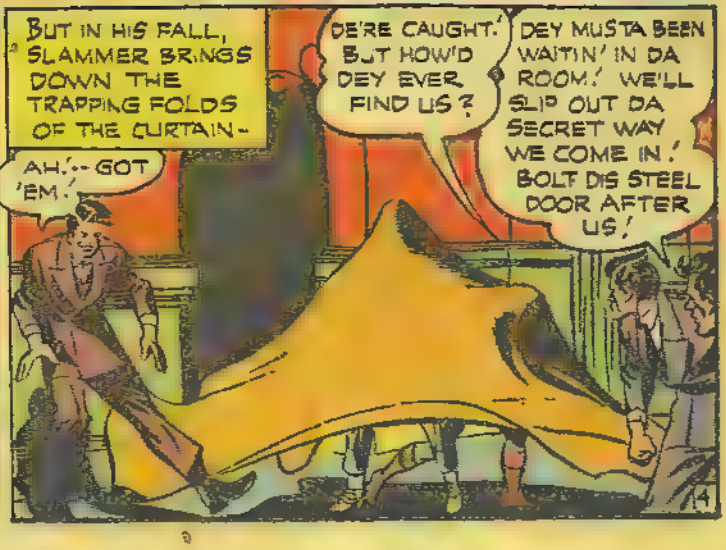
DOWN INTO THE DARK SILENT DEPTHS...
COMIN'!
THEIR FLASHLIGHT! ROUND THAT CORNER! HURRY STUFF!

A LONG, TORTUOUS TRAIL WINDS ITS WAY BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE CITY, AND ENDS IN FRONT OF—A DOOR!—A DOOR THAT LEADS INTO THE HOME OF CYRUS CONN, WEALTHY JEWEL COLLECTOR!
UP AN' AT 'EM, STUFF!
I HEAR YOU WHISPER.N.


HELLO, SLAMMER! ARE YUH PREPARED TO GET SLAMMED?
IT'S DA VIGILANTE!

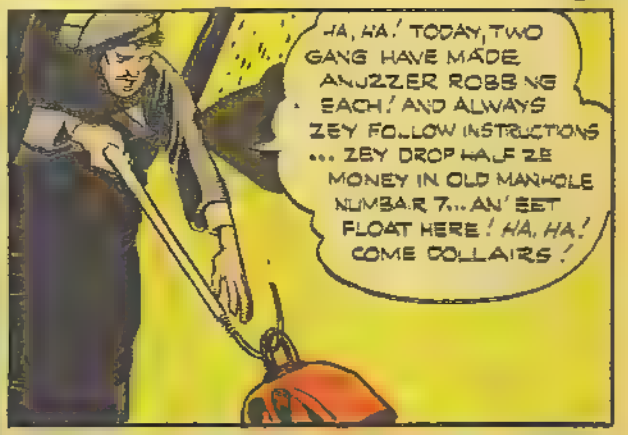
LET'S PLAY FOOTBALL! FIRST DOWN!
OOFF!


READY OR NOT, HERE I AM!
OWW-W!


BUT IN HIS FALL, SLAMMER BRINGS DOWN THE TRAPPING FOLDS OF THE CURTAIN—
AH!—GOT 'EM!
DE'RE CAUGHT! BUT HOW'D DEY EVER FIND US?
DEY MUSTA BEEN WAITIN' IN DA ROOM! WE'LL SLIP OUT DA SECRET WAY WE COME IN! BOLT DIS STEEL DOOR AFTER US!

THE SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE BRING THE VIGILANTE'S SPECIAL POLICE WHO SCOFF AT THE VIGILANTE'S STORY...
I TELL YUH WE CAVE IN THROUGH THAT WALL!
BUT THAT WALL'S SOLID STEEL, VIGILANTE!
WE WON'T ARGUE! I THINK WE'LL STILL CATCH 'EM, STUFF! THEY HAVE A MILE OF SLIPPERY TUNNEL TO WALK THROUGH.
THE VIG AND HIS PAL HAVE GONE LOCO!
AFTER A SPEEDY SPRINT THROUGH SHORT CUTS...
THE RATS ARE COMIN' OUT!
LET'S TRY TO GET ALL OF 'EM!
REWARD
FLYING FISTS END THE YEGGS' CRIME CAREER!
WHA--? HOW COME--?
SURPRISED TO SEE US, SLAMMER?
MOMENTS LATER...
THEY'VE GOT GUNS, OFFICER! JAIL 'EM ON THAT CHARGE! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
SURE, VIG!
WHY ARE WE GOIN' DOWN HERE?
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN YOU THINK, PARDNER! I AIM TO FIND OUT!
AFTER THREE LONG TURNS IN THE TWISTED TUNNEL...
SO IT'S AN UNUSED UNDERGROUND STREAM! AN OLD WATER-SYSTEM! SO WHAT?
THAT'S WHAT, STUFF! LOOK UP AHEAD!
5

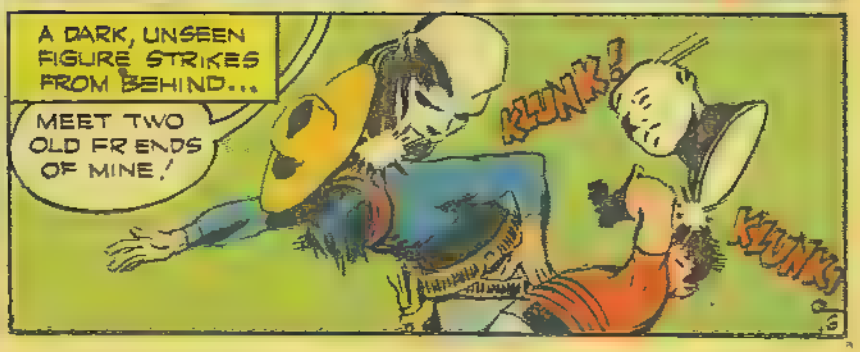
WHATTA LAYOUT! BUT WHY?
SHHH! SOMEONE'S OPENED THAT TRAPDOOR!


HA, HA! TODAY, TWO GANG HAVE MADE ANUZZER ROBB NG EACH! AND ALWAYS ZEY FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ... ZEY DROP HALF ZE MONEY IN OLD MANHOLE NUMBAR 7... AN' SET FLOAT HERE! HA, HA! COME COLLAIRS!

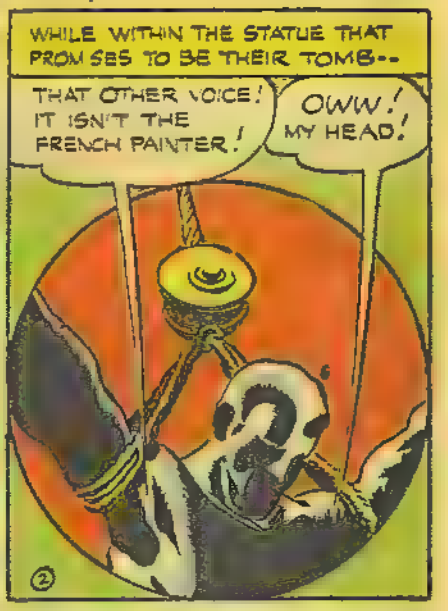
HE LOOKS LIKE A PAINTER! AN HE SAID HE WAS PULLIN' IN DOUGH!
A PAINTER? AND THAT NEMBER SEVEN! WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?

THE VIGILANTE'S MEMORY IS AS KEEN AS HIS SPURS!
OF COURSE! ON THE PAINTINGS IN THAT MODERN ART GALLERY! I WANT TO SEE THAT PAINTER'S STUDIO!
I'M A LITTLE BEHIND IN THINKIN'--AN' CLIMBIN'--BUT I'LL CATCH UP!

THE TRAPDOOR IS CAUTIOUSLY LIFTED, TO REVEA'....
FROM ALL ZEES PLANS I SHALL PAINT ZE MOS' GREATEST ROBBING IN ZE WHOLE WORL'!
BLUEPRINTS? AN' STATUES! AN' THAT ART AGAIN!


A DARK, UNSEEN FIGURE STRIKES FROM BEHIND...
MEET TWO OLD FR ENDS OF MINE!
KLUNK!
KLUNK!

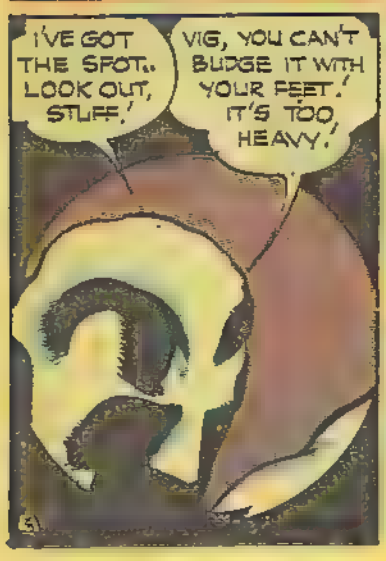
MINUTES LATER...
NOW LET THEM STARVE AND DIE INSIDE THAT HOLLOW STATUE-- IN SILENCE! VAKE HASTE, PIERRE!
I AM ALVOS' DONE, MONSIEUR! ZEES IS GREATES' CRIME! OO, LA, LA!


WHILE WITHIN THE STATUE THAT PROMISES TO BE THEIR TOMB--
THAT OTHER VOICE! IT ISN'T THE FRENCH PAINTER!
OWW! MY HEAD!
2

I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A BRAIN TO THIS MOB-- AND THAT OTHER FELLOW'S IT! I WONDER HOW...
DON'T THINK UP ANY MORE CLUES! LET'S SCRAM OUTTA DARK STORAGE FIRST! I CAN'T LIFT IT!
3

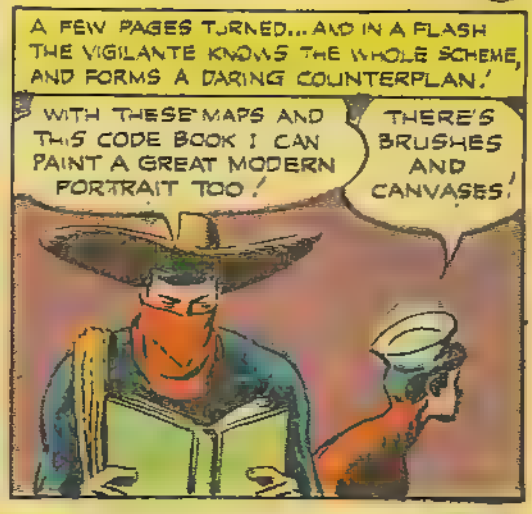
IT'S SOLID MARBLE! TONS OF IT! MARBLE! HMM— THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
IT BETTER BE GOOD!
4

STRONG STEEL SPURS STRIKE A WEAK SEAM IN THE STONE! AGAIN AND AGAIN! UNTIL...
GOOD OL' JINGLIN' STAR-SPARS!
THEY'RE GONE! AN' SO'S THAT BIG PAINTING!
CRACK!
7
7

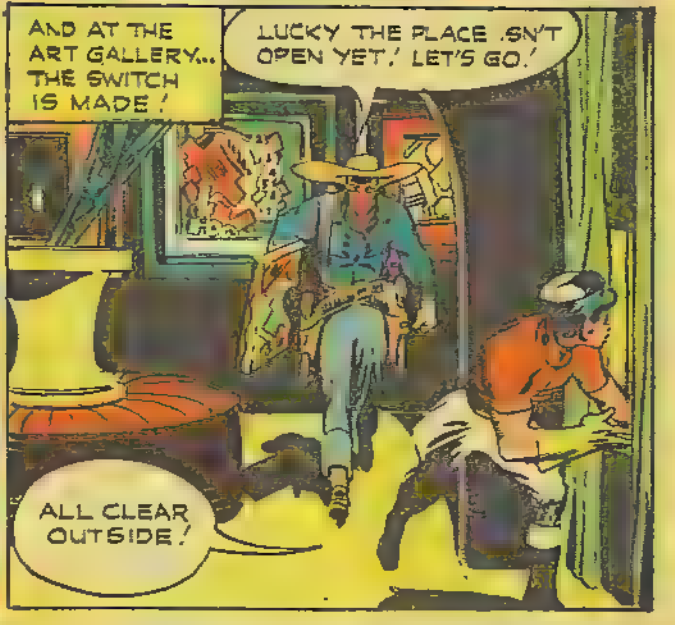

I'VE GOT THE SPOT.. LOOK OUT, STUFF!
VIG, YOU CAN'T BUDGE IT WITH YOUR FEET! IT'S TOO HEAVY!
5

MARBLE ALWAYS SPLITS LENGTHWISE UNDER THE SCULPTOR'S HAMMER-- SO, MAYBE..
YOU MEAN-- YOUR SPURS!
6

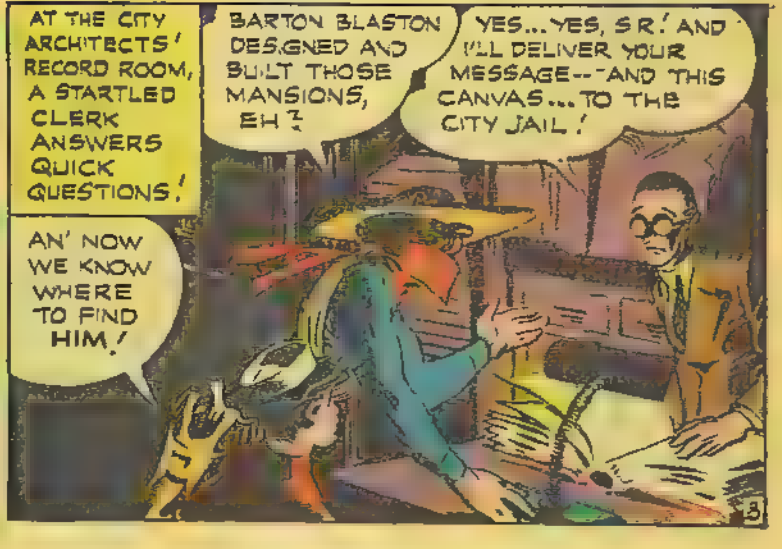
BUT, WHAT'S ALL THIS?
LOOK! THERE'S THAT MILLIONAIRE'S STEEL ROOM WE FOUGHT IN-- LAID OUT ON A BLUEPRINT! AND THE TUNNELS! AND HERE'S A CODE BOOK OF MAPS AND NUMBERS! I WONDER...


A FEW PAGES TURNED... AND IN A FLASH THE VIGILANTE KNOWS THE WHOLE SCHEME, AND FORMS A DARING COUNTERPLAN!
WITH THESE MAPS AND THIS CODE BOOK I CAN PAINT A GREAT MODERN PORTRAIT TOO!
THERE'S BRUSHES AND CANVASES!

QUICKLY— ACCURATELY— FROM THE MAPS AND DETAILS IN THE BOOK— THE MASTERPIECE IS COMPLETED!
THERE! THAT INCLUDES THEM ALL! AND WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED! NOW TO HANG IT IN THE GALLERY IN PLACE OF THE ONE THAT PAINTER JUST FINISHED!


AND AT THE ART GALLERY... THE SWITCH IS MADE!
LUCKY THE PLACE ISN'T OPEN YET! LET'S GO!
ALL CLEAR OUTSIDE!

ONLY AN ARCHITECT COULD HAVE DIRECTED THIS PAINTER!
BUT WHERE CAN WE FIND HIM?


AT THE CITY ARCHITECTS' RECORD ROOM, A STARTLED CLERK ANSWERS QUICK QUESTIONS!
AN' NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM!
BARTON BLASTON DESIGNED AND BUILT THOSE MANSIONS, EH?
YES... YES, SIR! AND I'LL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE-- AND THIS CANVAS... TO THE CITY JAIL!

BUT AT THE MANSION OF ARCHITECT BLASTON
HE'S GONE, VIG!
THE UNDERGROUND STREAM! HE'S USED HIS MOTOR-BOAT WE SAW BACK AT THE PAINTER'S STUDIO!
BUT FROM HIS OLD MAPS, I KNOW WHERE THAT STREAM EMPTIES INTO THE RIVER -- IF WE CAN ONLY GET THERE IN TIME!
MEANWHILE, AT THE END OF THE HIDDEN WATERWAY, WATCHFUL FIGURES AWAIT ILL-GOTTEN GAINS!
THOSE GANGS'LL DROP THEIR LOOT THROUGH NUMBER 7 MANHOLE..INTO THIS STREAM... AND WE'LL PICK UP OUR SHARE WHEN IT FLOATS OUT HERE IN THOSE CANVAS BAGS! THERE'LL BE AT LEAST A MILLION!
OUI, MONSIEUR! I HAVE PAINT ZEE SECRET TUNNELS TO THREE BIG BANKS YOU SHOW ME ON ZOSE OL' PLANS! HA, HA!
YES, AND I AM THE ARCHITECT WHO BUILT THOSE VAULTS LONG AGO! NOW I'M CASHING IN AT LAST!
DOSE DUMB YEGGS WHO READ DA PAINTINGS IS LATE!
BUT NOT THE VIGILANTE! HE'S NEVER LATE TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME!
SORRY, BLASTON! NO MONEY'LL BE DROPPED IN YOUR NUMBER 7 MANHOLE TODAY!
MIND IF WE DROP IN INSTEAD?
THIS'LL PUT SOME COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS, PAINTER!
I'LL BLAST BLASTON!
PLONK!

BACK UP THE MYSTERIOUS STREAM --INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY...
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, VIGILANTE! I'M AN ARCHITECT! AND YOU HAVE NO PROOF OF ANY GANGS--
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! START CLIMBIN', CROOK!
MOBS OF WELCOME VISITORS ARRIVE-- BEHIND PRISON WALLS!
IT'S NOT DA BANK!
AN' DERE'S ANUDDER GANG!
AND DA VIG! WE'RE ALL TRAPPED!
THE WARDEN...
VIGILANTE! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE! AND YOU'VE DELIVERED EVERY CROOK IN TOWN!
THANK ARCHITECT BLASTON FOR THAT! HIS OLD CITY MAPS SHOWED ME UNDERGROUND STREAMS AND PASSAGES DATING BACK TO CIVIL WAR DAYS.'
-- SO BLASTON FIRST CONTACTED THE YEGGS BY MAIL! IN THE PAST HE BUILT MANY SOCIETY HOMES AND BANKS WHICH HE INTENDED TO LOOT SOME DAY! HE BUILT SECRET ENTRANCES THAT CONNECTED WITH THE OLD TUNNELS ONLY HE KNEW!
THEN HE GAVE ORDERS THROUGH A CROOKED MODERNISTIC PAINTER! IN CODE!
ALL THOSE NUMBERS AND CRAZY LINES! REALLY MAPS OF PLACES TO ROB. AN' EVERY MOB HAD A NUMBER! AN' THE YEGGS'D DROP A SHARE IN THAT NUMBER 7 MANHOLE OVER THE STREAM! THEY NEVER EVEN SAW BRAINS BLASTON!
WHEN BLASTON GOT HIS SHARE, HE'D HANG UP A NEW PORTRAIT FOR PLUNDER IN THE GALLERY!
BUT THE ONE THE VIG PAINTED CALLED EVERY MOB-- AND LED 'EM HERE!
THANKS! WE'LL STOP UP ALL THE HOLES IN THOSE OLD PLANS OF BLASTON'S!
BUT NOT BEFORE STUFF AND I USE ONE FOR AN EXIT! SO LONG!

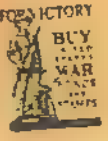
WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.



PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION AND PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE SPONSORED BY THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR, & THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION, FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Saturn No. 5)

IT DTZ UQFD KFNW BN-YM DTZW KWNJSIX? DTZ RZXY NK DTZ BFSY YT GJ F LTTI XZUJWRFS RJR-GJW FSI F LTTI FRJW-NHFS!

SUPERMAN, NOV
c o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

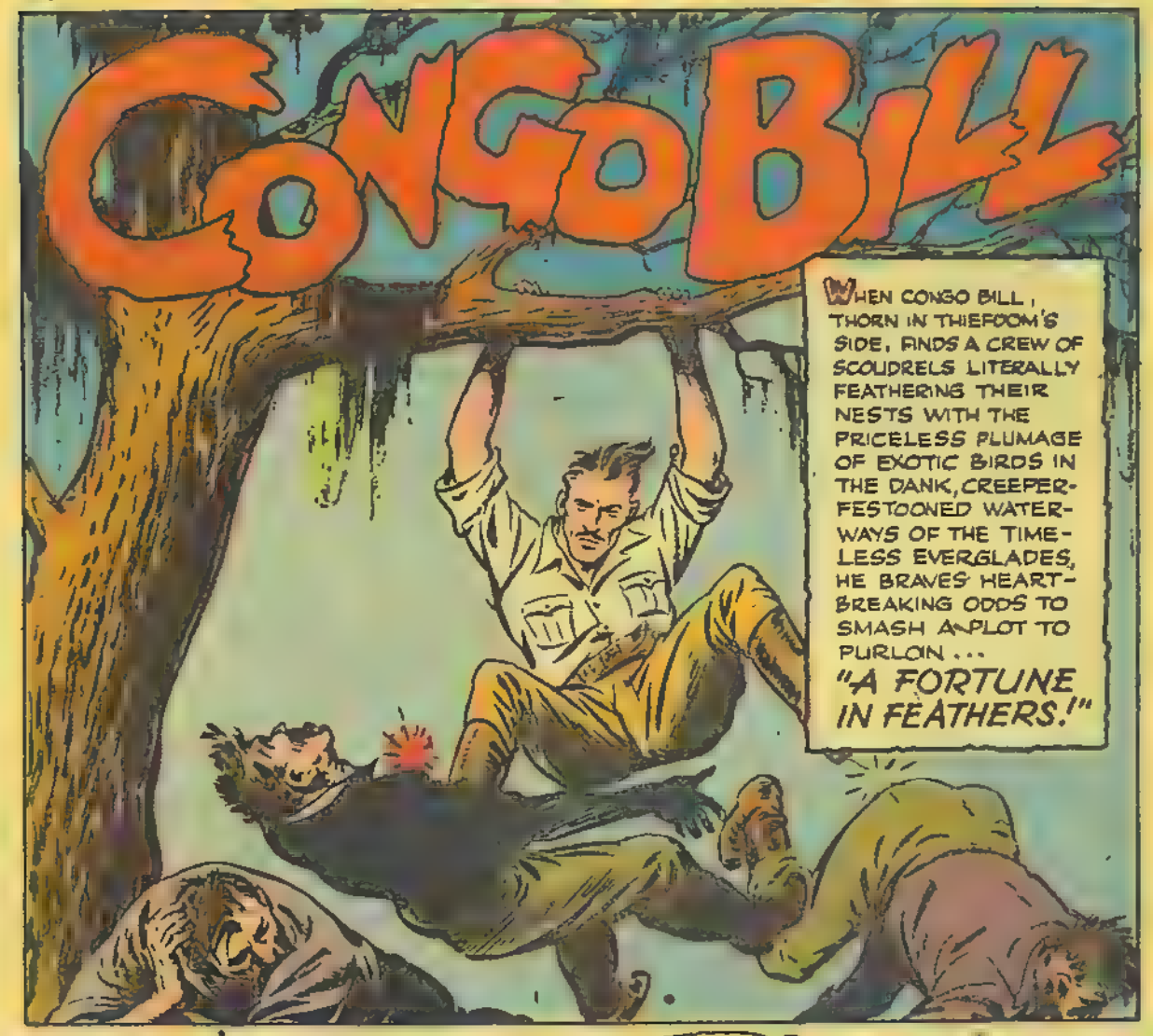
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

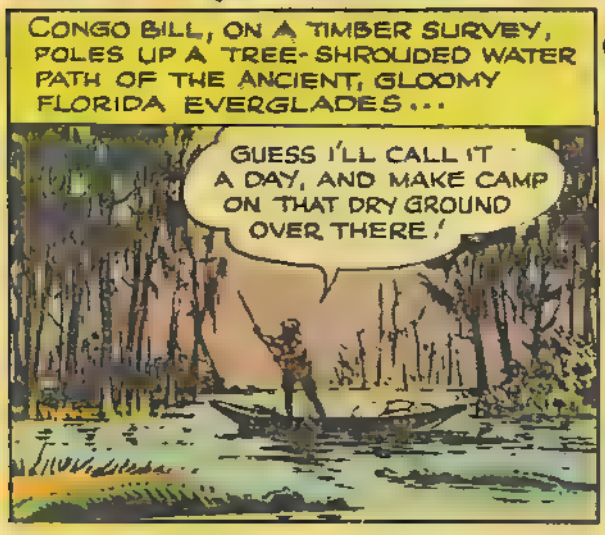
NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

CONGO BILL

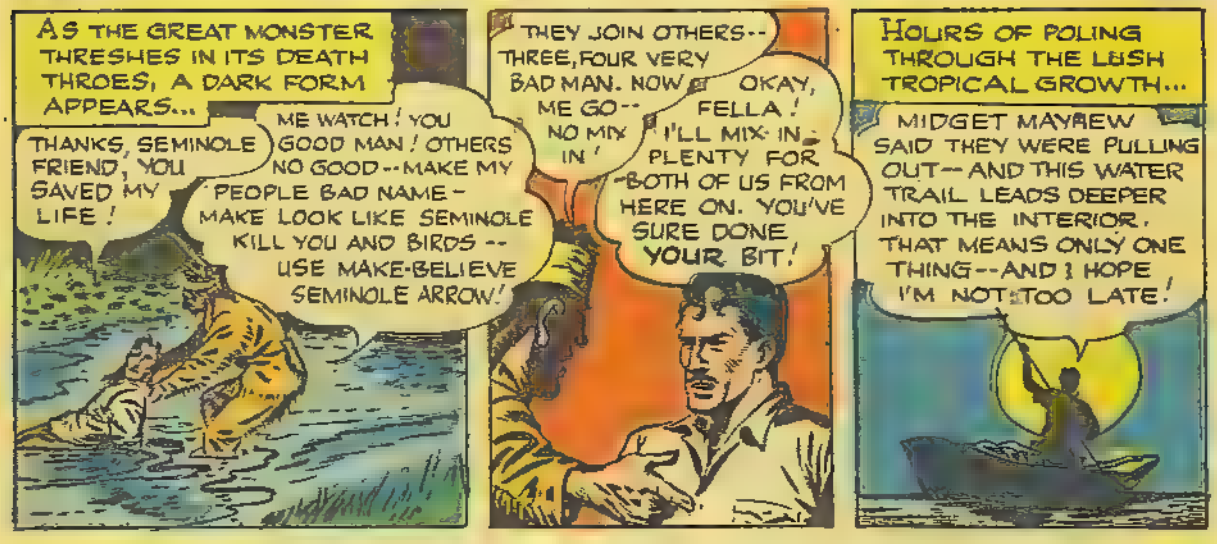

WHEN CONGO BILL, THORN IN THIEFOOM'S SIDE, FINDS A CREW OF SCOUNDRELS LITERALLY FEATHERING THEIR NESTS WITH THE PRICELESS PLUMAGE OF EXOTIC BIRDS IN THE DANK, CREEPER-FESTOONED WATERWAYS OF THE TIMELESS EVERGLADES, HE BRAVES HEART-BREAKING ODDS TO SMASH A PLOT TO PURLOIN ... "A FORTUNE IN FEATHERS!"

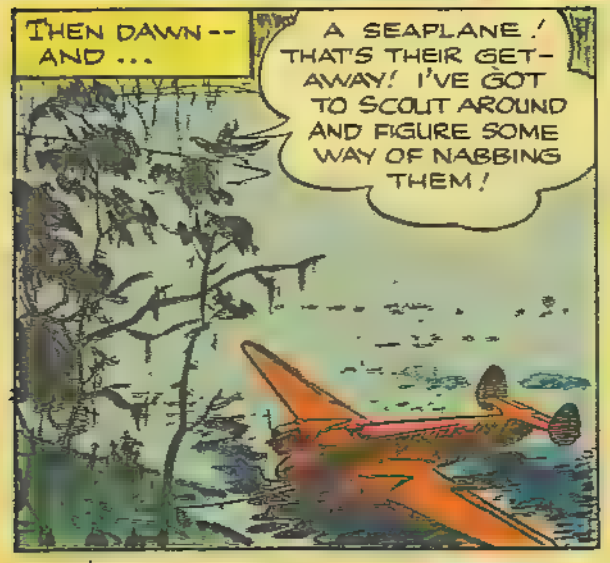

CONGO BILL, ON A TIMBER SURVEY, POLES UP A TREE-SHROUDED WATER PATH OF THE ANCIENT, GLOOMY FLORIDA EVERGLADES ...
GUESS I'LL CALL IT A DAY, AND MAKE CAMP ON THAT DRY GROUND OVER THERE!

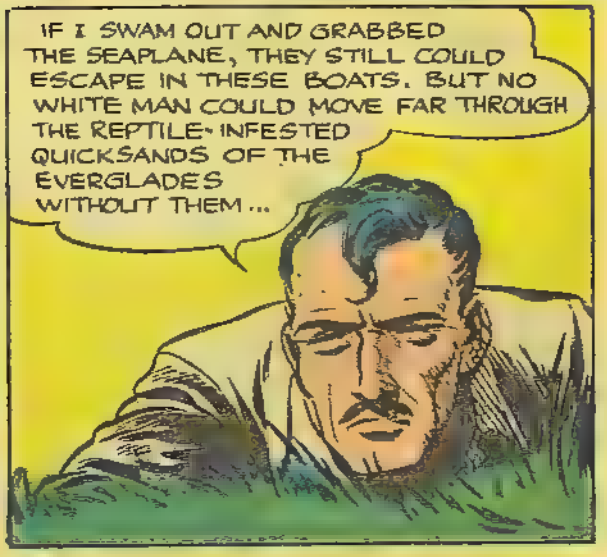
SUDDENLY..
AHHH!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

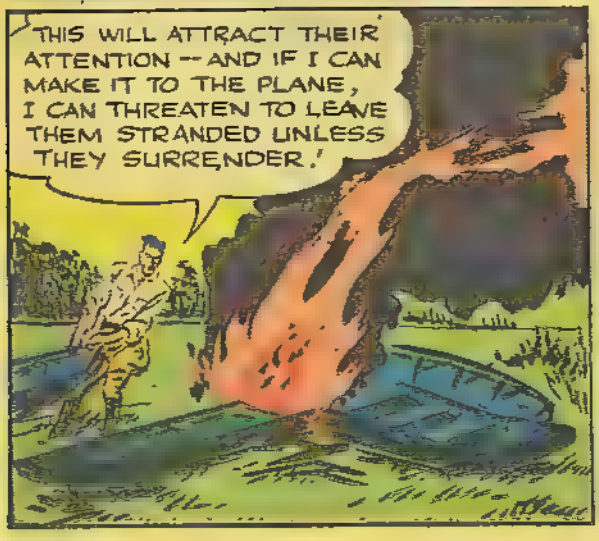
GOT TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE AMBUSHER! THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!
MOMENTS LATER.
HMM! A CLUMSY IMITATION OF THE ARROWS THE SEMINOLE INDIANS USE AND—TIPPED WITH EGRET FEATHERS!
PRICELESS FEATHERS FROM GOVERNMENT-PROTECTED EGRETS ON FAKE INDIAN ARROWS! THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO!
AS CONGO ROUNDS A BEND...
A FAMILY CAMPING IN THESE ALLIGATOR-RIDDEN WATERS! THAT'S QUEER!
WELCOME, FRIEND--SMITH'S THE NAME--SORTA CAMPIN' HERE--ER--WELL, STUDYIN NATURE, SORTA!
PLEASED T' KNOW YUH!
THANKS! BILL'S MY HANDLE. IF YOU FOLKS DON'T MIND, I'LL PITCH CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT
PLAN ON STAYIN' MORE THAN JUST OVER NIGHT? I DON'T THINK YOU'D LIKE IT MUCH HERE!
JUST OVER NIGHT.
HMM...NOT ANXIOUS FOR ME TO STAY... AND THE WOMAN AND CHILD SEEM ODD!
MIDNIGHT...AND AS THE MOON CASTS AN EERIE SPELL OVER THE SILENT CAMP...
I'M GOING TO POKE AROUND A BIT... SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!
THIS CLOSED TENT... THEY WENT FREELY IN AND OUT OF THE OTHER TWO ALL EVENING, BUT STAYED STRICTLY AWAY FROM THIS ONE. WHY?
7

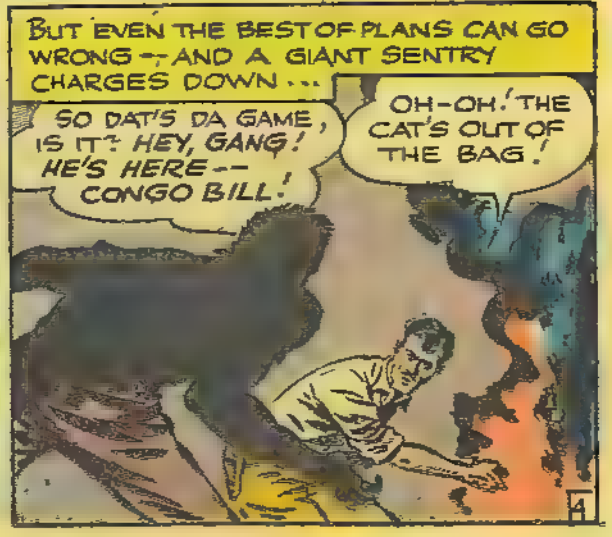
SECONDS LATER...
SHADES OF NIMROD! BIRD GUNS, BIRD SNARES, BIRD NETS! AND I'LL BET THAT CHEST IS PACKED WITH EGRET FEATHERS!
NEXT INSTANT...
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AND... UHHH!
PLEASANT DREAMS, CONGO BILL!
HA, HA, THE MIGHTY CONGO BILL, JUST A FLOP. THAT WAS SOME FAMILY SCENE, BOSS, WITH RED ACTIN' AS A WOMAN!
QUIT GABBIN'! TEST HIS BONDS, HEAVE HIM INTO THE LAGOON FOR THE ALLIGATORS, THEN BREAK CAMP!
MIDGET MAYHEW! THE TOUGHEST CROOK BRAIN IN CROOKDOM--AND I WAS CAUGHT NAPPING!
THAT FINISHES CONGO BILL! NOW WE'LL JOIN THE MAIN CAMP AND PULL OUT FOR GOOD. NO TELLIN' WHO KNOWS HE CAME THIS WAY; AND ANYHOW WE GOT A RICH HAUL!
FIRST I'M GETTIN' OUTA THESE GOOFY SKOITS!
THE SILENCE FOLLOWING THE SPOILERS' DEPARTURE IS BROKEN BY THE FAINT RIPPLE OF AN OMINOUS FORM SLIDING TOWARD THE HELPLESS MAN!
THAT 'GATOR ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME! IF EVEN JUST MY HANDS WERE FREE!
HORRID JAWS AGAPE, THE GREAT REPTILE LUNGES HIDEOUSLY TO THE KILL!
THIS IS IT--CURTAINS!
BUT SUDDENLY THE CRACK OF A RIFLE RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT!
WHA... WHAT? SOMEONE PLUGGED HIM!


AS THE GREAT MONSTER THRESHES IN ITS DEATH THROES, A DARK FORM APPEARS...
THANKS, SEMINOLE FRIEND, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
ME WATCH! YOU GOOD MAN! OTHERS NO GOOD--MAKE MY PEOPLE BAD NAME--MAKE LOOK LIKE SEMINOLE KILL YOU AND BIRDS--USE MAKE-BELIEVE SEMINOLE ARROW!
THEY JOIN OTHERS--THREE, FOUR VERY BAD MAN. NOW ME GO--NO MIX IN!
OKAY, FELLA! I'LL MIX IN PLENTY FOR BOTH OF US FROM HERE ON. YOU'VE SURE DONE YOUR BIT!
HOURS OF POLING THROUGH THE LUSH TROPICAL GROWTH...
MIDGET MAYREW SAID THEY WERE PULLING OUT--AND THIS WATER TRAIL LEADS DEEPER INTO THE INTERIOR. THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING--AND I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

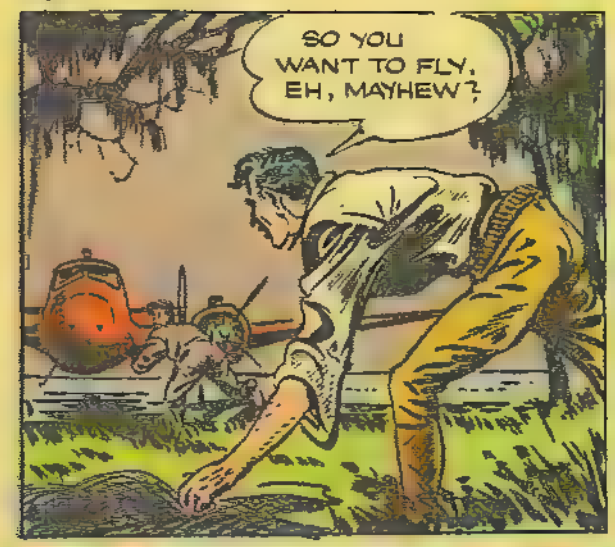

THEN DAWN--AND...
A SEAPLANE! THAT'S THEIR GET-AWAY! I'VE GOT TO SCOUT AROUND AND FIGURE SOME WAY OF NABBING THEM!

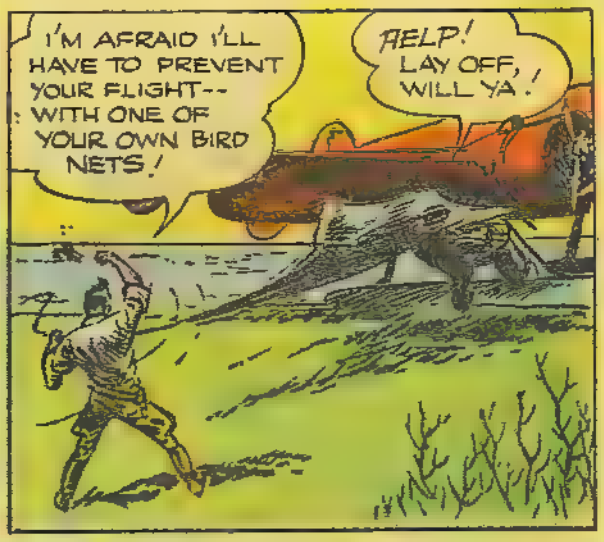

IF I SWAM OUT AND GRABBED THE SEAPLANE, THEY STILL COULD ESCAPE IN THESE BOATS. BUT NO WHITE MAN COULD MOVE FAR THROUGH THE REPTILE-INFESTED QUICKSANDS OF THE EVERGLADES WITHOUT THEM...


THIS WILL ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION--AND IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE PLANE, I CAN THREATEN TO LEAVE THEM STRANDED UNLESS THEY SURRENDER!

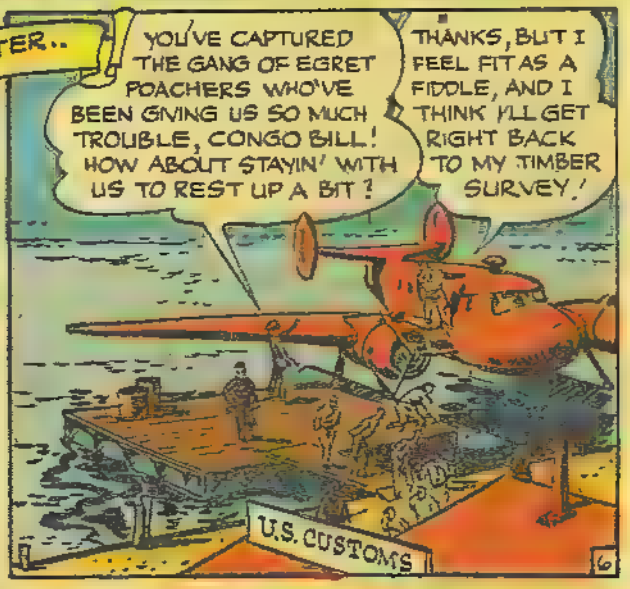

BUT EVEN THE BEST OF PLANS CAN GO WRONG--AND A GIANT SENTRY CHARGES DOWN...
SO DAT'S DA GAME, IS IT? HEY, GANG! HE'S HERE--CONGO BILL!
OH-OH! THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG!

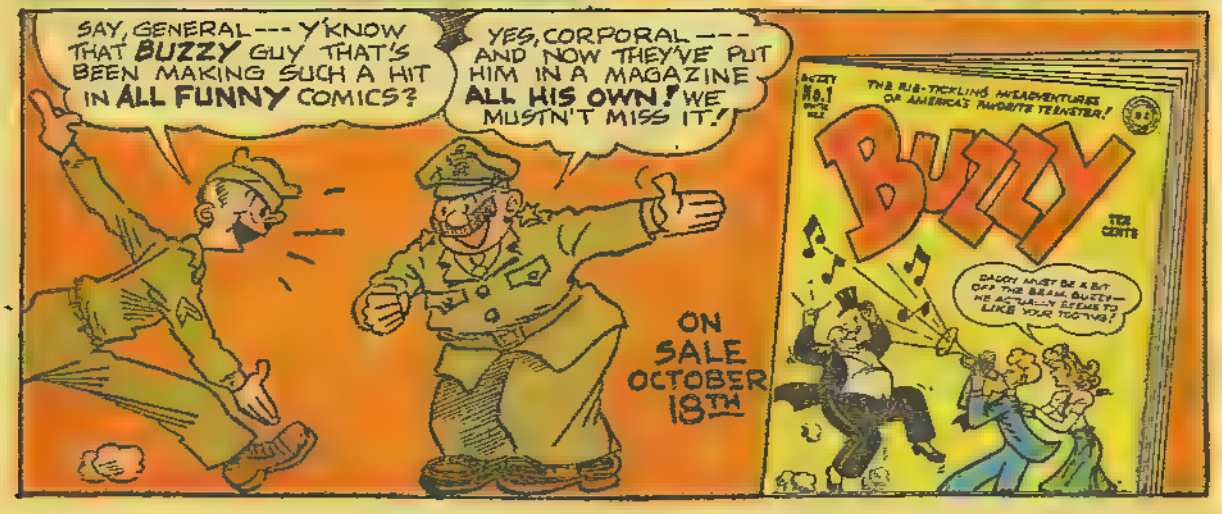
JUST TIME ENOUGH FOR A LITTLE DRILL BEFORE YOUR PLAY-MATES ARRIVE -- THIS IS THE WRIST LOCK, MARE'S HIP! LIKE IT?
YOW!
THEN FOLLOWS AN UNBELIEVABLE SPECTACLE -- CONGO BILL IN FLIGHT!
YAW! THE BRAVE CONGO BILL, RUNNIN' LIKE A SISSY!
I KNEW DAT GUY WUZ A CREAM PUFF ALL ALONG. AFTER HIM!
SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, GENTLEMEN...
BUT I PROMISE YOU THAT I WILL BE...
GO BACK AND GET RIFLES... BLAST HIM DOWN!
..RIGHT BACK!
OW!
YOW!
RETURN TRIP!
UH!
UKK!
AH, MR. "SMITH", I BELIEVE! YOUR REAL NAME'S PERHAPS TOUGH LOUIE, OR SOMETHING AS SILLY!
AND "MRS. SMITH"! PARDON MY HASTY MITT, RED, BUT YOUR BOSS, MIDGET MAYHEW SEEMS TO BE LEAVING US!
BANG!
UHH!
5


SO YOU WANT TO FLY, EH, MAYHEW?

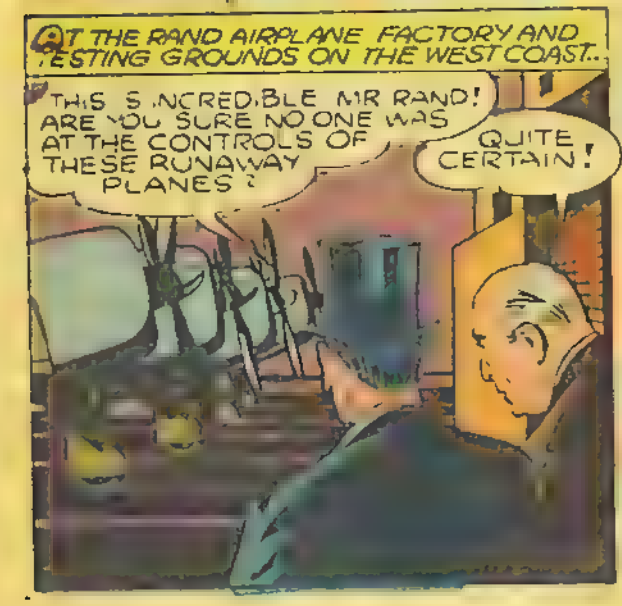

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO PREVENT YOUR FLIGHT-- WITH ONE OF YOUR OWN BIRD NETS!
HELP! LAY OFF, WILL YA!

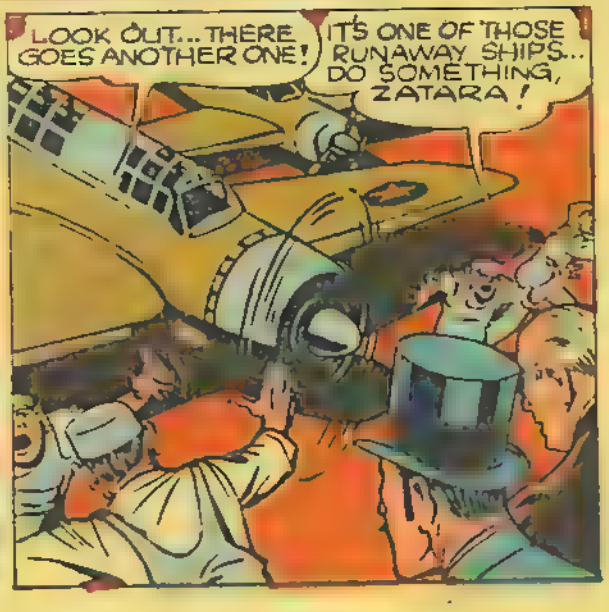
YUH*! ?*!? YUH!
QUIET! I'M A BUSY MAN--GOT TO TIE UP YOU AND YOUR BOYS, AND THEN TAKE YOU BYE-BYE!
BUMP! BUMP!

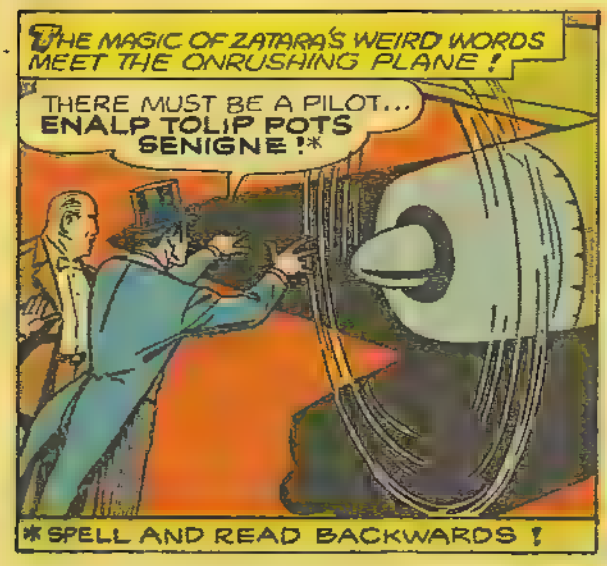

LATER..
YOU'VE CAPTURED THE GANG OF EGRET POACHERS WHO'VE BEEN GIVING US SO MUCH TROUBLE, CONGO BILL! HOW ABOUT STAYIN' WITH US TO REST UP A BIT?
THANKS, BUT I FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE, AND I THINK I'LL GET RIGHT BACK TO MY TIMBER SURVEY!
U.S. CUSTOMS
6

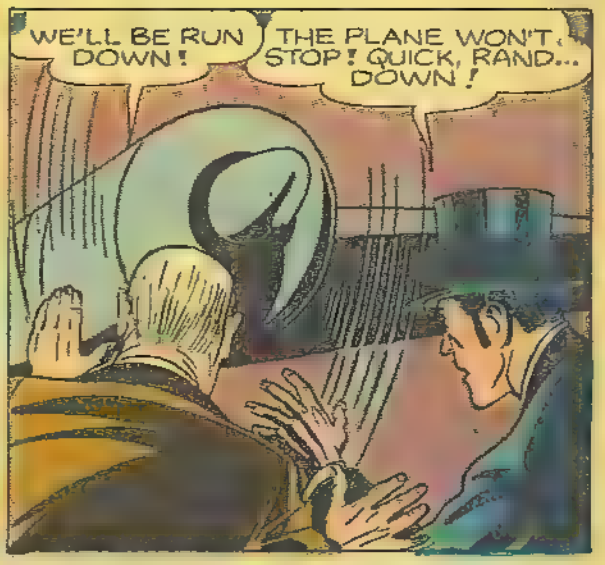

SAY, GENERAL--- Y'KNOW THAT BUZZY GUY THAT'S BEEN MAKING SUCH A HIT IN ALL FUNNY COMICS?
YES, CORPORAL --- AND NOW THEY'VE PUT HIM IN A MAGAZINE ALL HIS OWN! WE MUSTN'T MISS IT!
ON SALE OCTOBER 18TH
BUZZY
THE RIB-TICKLING MISADVENTURES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEENSTER!
TEN CENTS
GAWSH MUST BE A BAT OUT THE BRAIN, BUZZY-- HE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO LIKE YOUR TOOTHS!

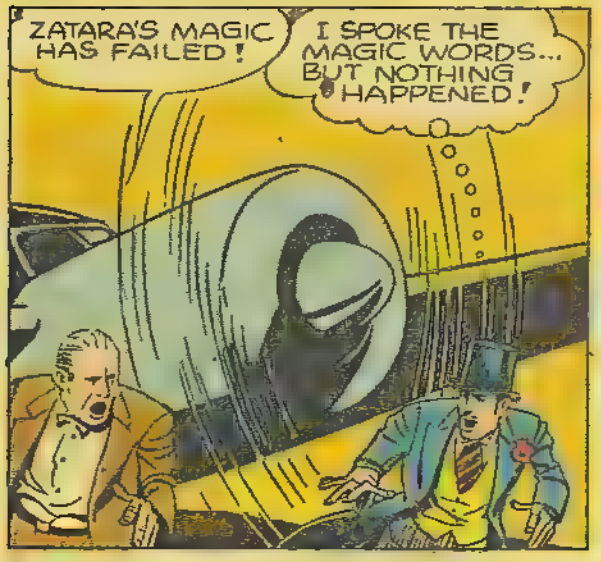
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
DESPITE ALL THE INGENUITY OF THE HUMAN BRAIN MEN HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO INVENT A SELF-CONTROLLED MACHINE! AND WHEN ROARING ENGINES SUDDENLY LIFT UNMANNED AIRCRAFT AND GUIDE THEM SURELY THROUGH THE SKY WITH NO APPARENT AID FROM THE GROUND EVEN ZATARA--THAT GENIUS OF MAGIC AND ILLUSIONS--IS MYSTIFIED BY THE SPECTACLE OF...
"PLANES Without PILOTS!"

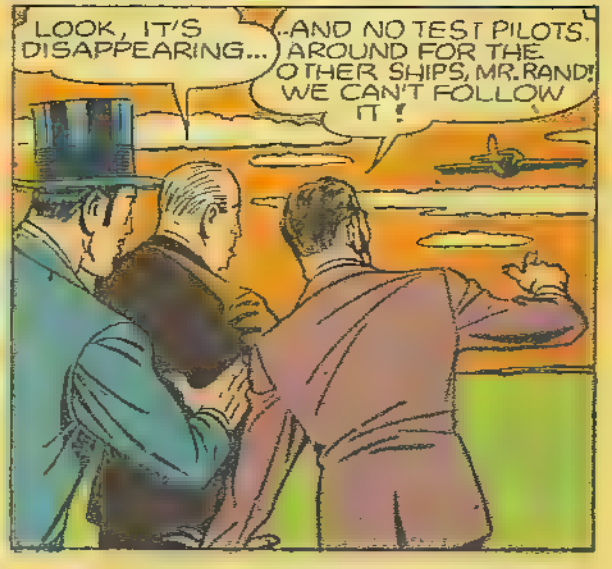

AT THE RAND AIRPLANE FACTORY AND TESTING GROUNDS ON THE WEST COAST..
THIS INCREDIBLE MR RAND! ARE YOU SURE NO ONE WAS AT THE CONTROLS OF THESE RUNAWAY PLANES?
QUITE CERTAIN!

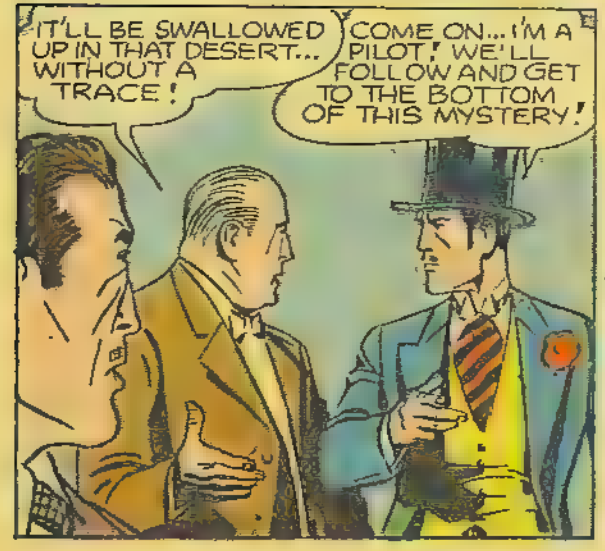

LOOK OUT... THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!
IT'S ONE OF THOSE RUNAWAY SHIPS... DO SOMETHING, ZATARA!

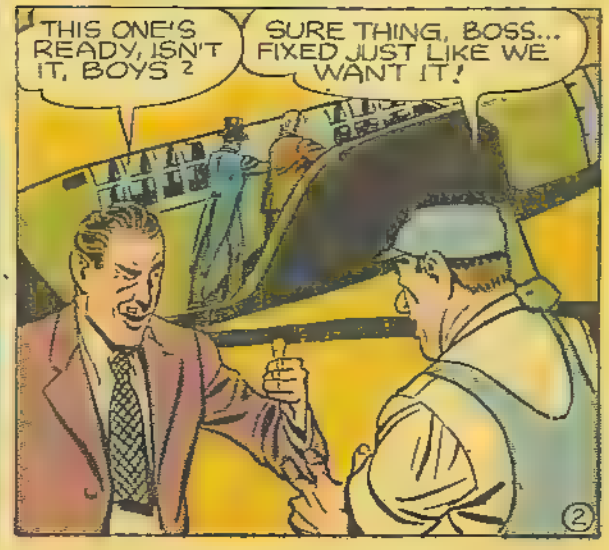

THE MAGIC OF ZATARA'S WEIRD WORDS MEET THE ONRUSHING PLANE!
THERE MUST BE A PILOT... ENALP TOLIP POTS SENIGNE!*
*SPELL AND READ BACKWARDS!


WE'LL BE RUN DOWN!
THE PLANE WON'T STOP! QUICK, RAND... DOWN!


ZATARA'S MAGIC HAS FAILED!
I SPOKE THE MAGIC WORDS... BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!

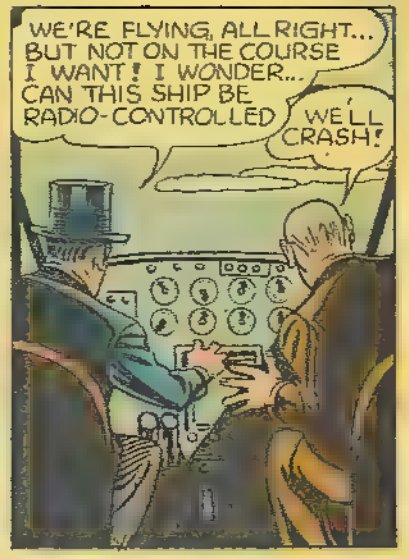

LOOK, IT'S DISAPPEARING...
..AND NO TEST PILOTS AROUND FOR THE OTHER SHIPS, MR. RAND! WE CAN'T FOLLOW IT!


IT'LL BE SWALLOWED UP IN THAT DESERT... WITHOUT A TRACE!
COME ON... I'M A PILOT! WE'LL FOLLOW AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!

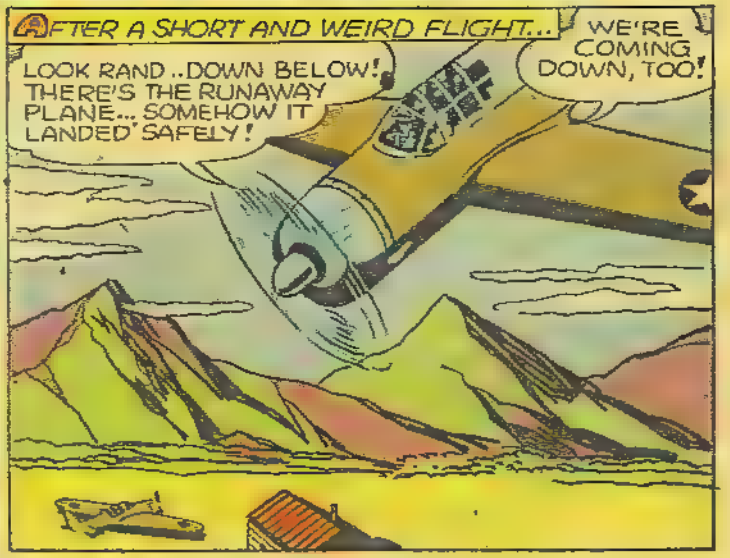

THIS ONE'S READY, ISN'T IT, BOYS?
SURE THING, BOSS... FIXED JUST LIKE WE WANT IT!
2

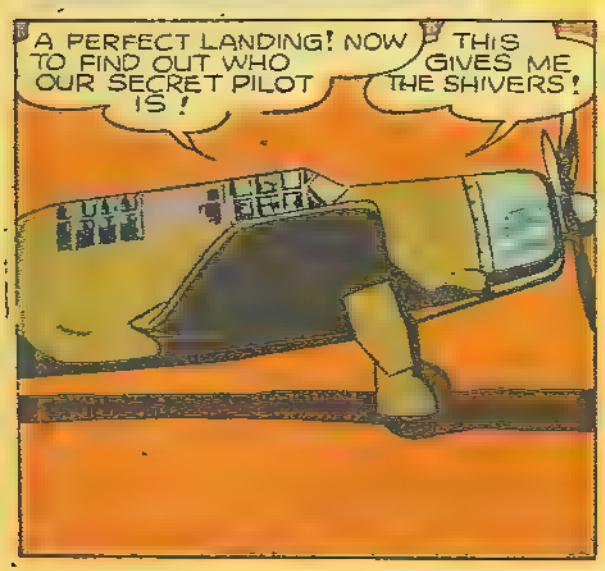
I DIDN'T LIKE THAT MECHANIC'S TONE OF VOICE! YET THIS SHIP HANDLES PERFECTLY...
HEAD OVER THE DESERT, ZATARA! THERE SHE GOES!

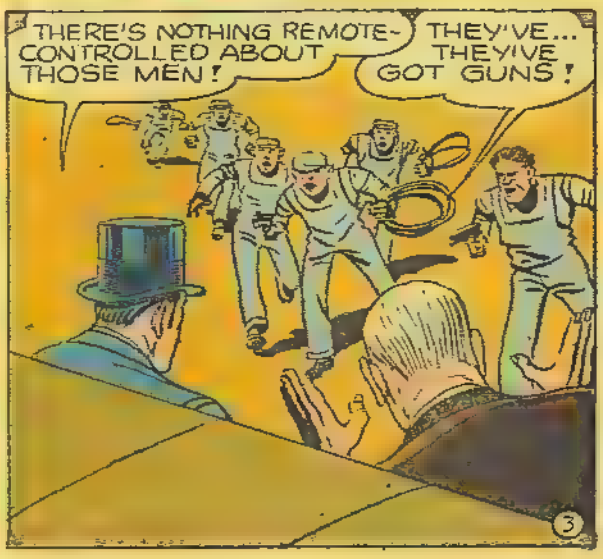
BUT JUST THEN...
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, RAND! I'VE LOST CONTROL!


WE'RE FLYING, ALL RIGHT... BUT NOT ON THE COURSE I WANT! I WONDER... CAN THIS SHIP BE RADIO-CONTROLLED
WE'LL CRASH!

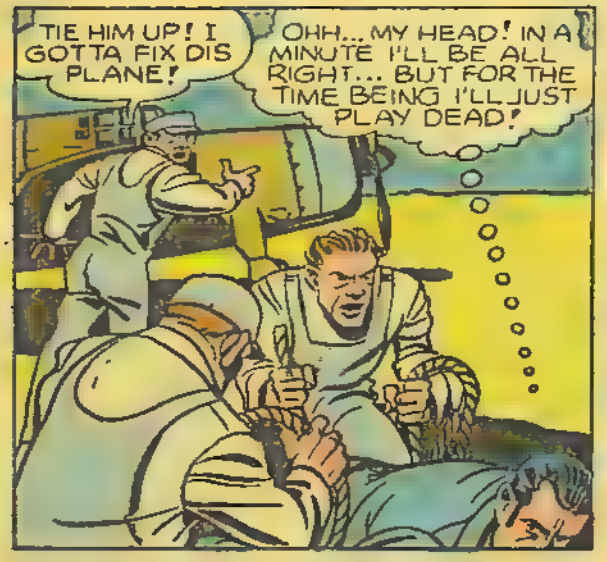
NO, WE WON'T... THE PLANE SEEMS TO KNOW JUST WHERE IT'S GOING!
BUT HOW? AND WHERE TO?

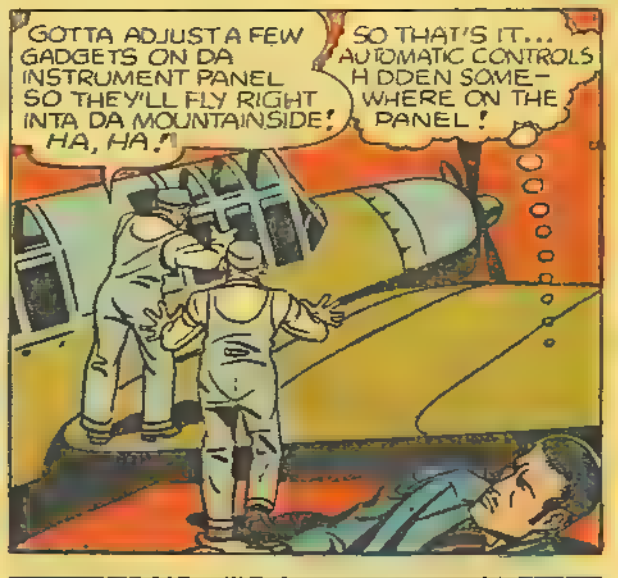

AFTER A SHORT AND WEIRD FLIGHT...
LOOK RAND..DOWN BELOW! THERE'S THE RUNAWAY PLANE... SOMEHOW IT LANDED SAFELY!
WE'RE COMING DOWN, TOO!


A PERFECT LANDING! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO OUR SECRET PILOT IS!
THIS GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!

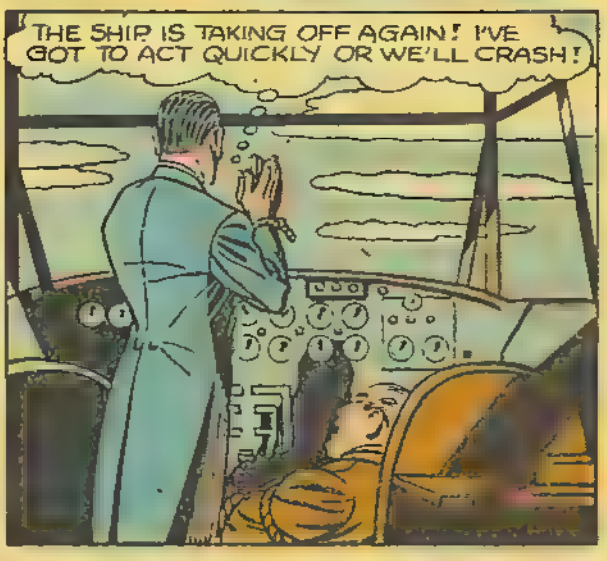

THERE'S NOTHING REMOTE-CONTROLLED ABOUT THOSE MEN!
THEY'VE... THEY'VE GOT GUNS!

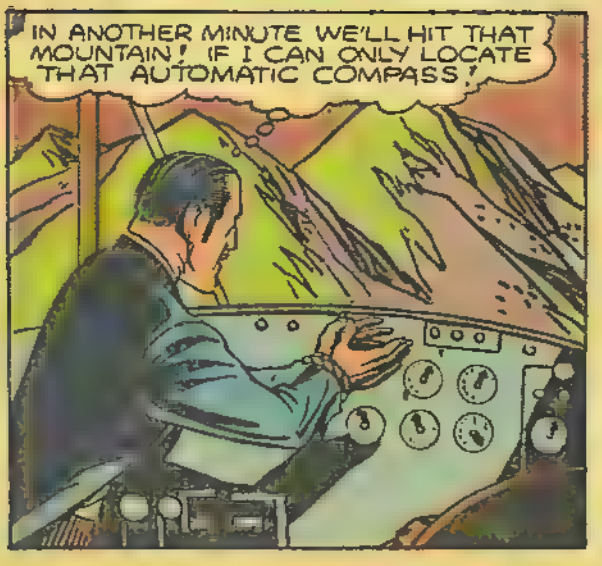
IT'S DEM AWRIGHT... AND DA BOSS WANTS US TA GET RID OF 'EM FAST!
HMM... SO WE WERE EXPECTED!
STICK 'EM UP! ACT QUIET AND YA WON'T GET HURT... TOO MUCH!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR GUNS ... AND NEITHER WILL YOU!
SNUG EB TOH!
OOWW! THE GAT'S BURNIN' ME HAND!
COME ON... RUSH 'EM ANYWAY!
DNAS LLIF RIEHT SEYE!
HEY A SAND STORM... I CAN'T SEE!
WE GOTTA GET ZATARA... DAT'LL STOP DA STORM!
NEM THGIF SEVLES!
LOOK OUT... BEHIND YOU!
HERE'S A WRENCH FER YER NUT!
HEY, DA SAND... IT'S STOPPED BLOWIN'!

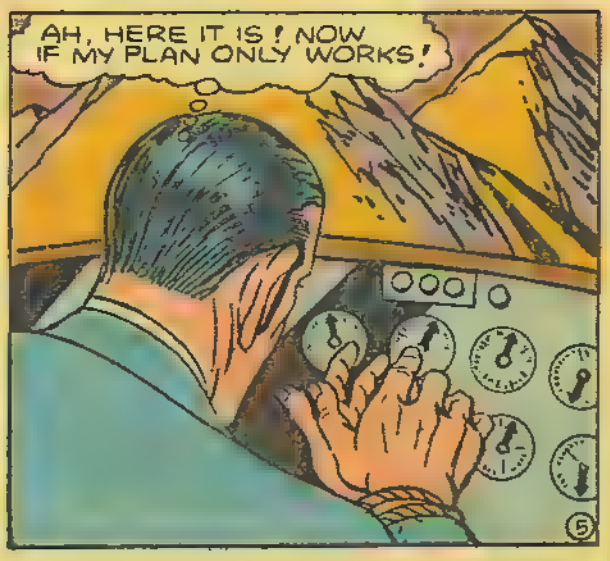

TIE HIM UP! I GOTTA FIX DIS PLANE!
OHH... MY HEAD! IN A MINUTE I'LL BE ALL RIGHT... BUT FOR THE TIME BEING I'LL JUST PLAY DEAD!

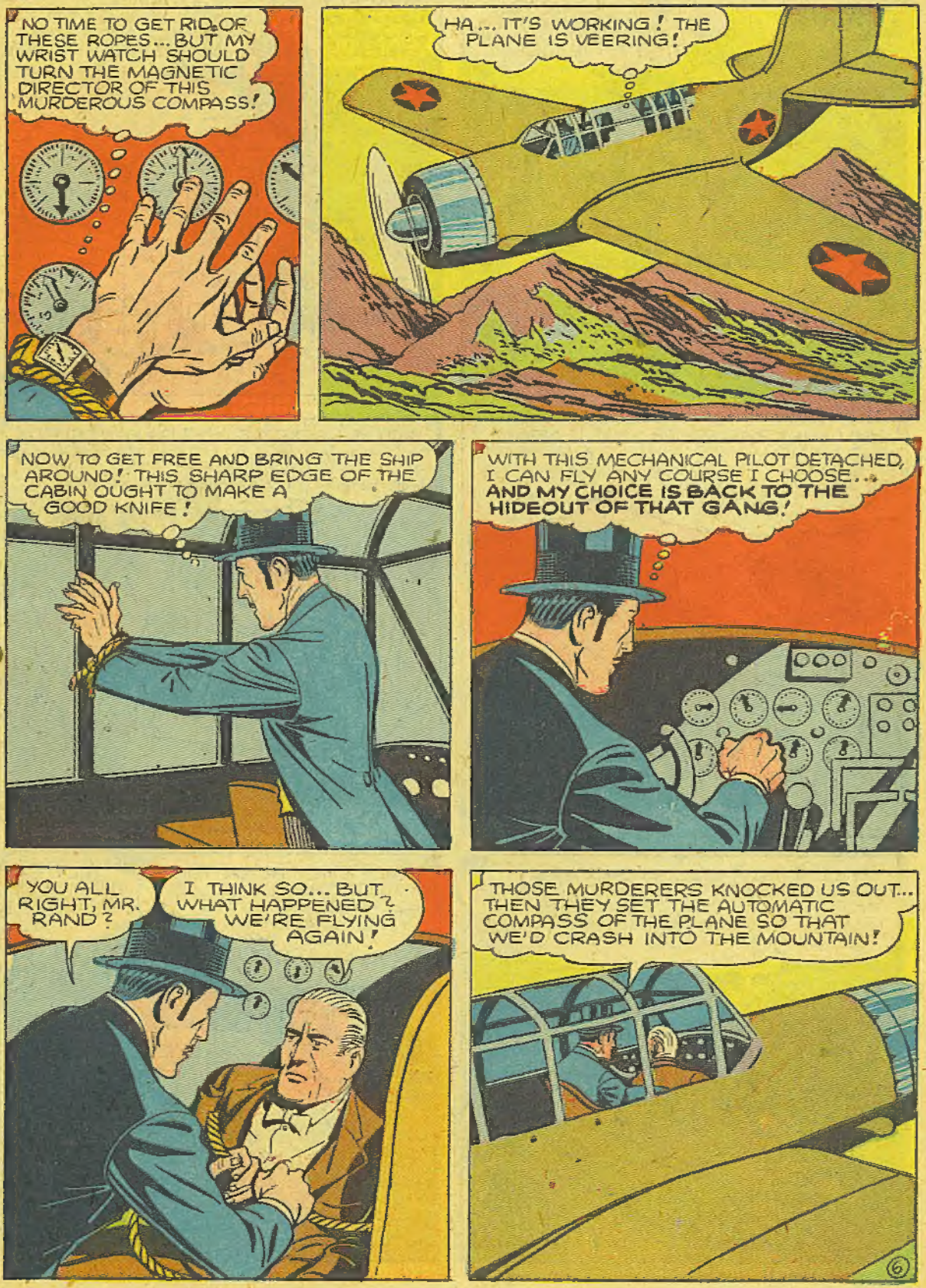

GOTTA ADJUST A FEW GADGETS ON DA INSTRUMENT PANEL SO THEY'LL FLY RIGHT INTA DA MOUNTAINSIDE! HA, HA!
SO THAT'S IT... AUTOMATIC CONTROLS H DDEN SOME-WHERE ON THE PANEL!

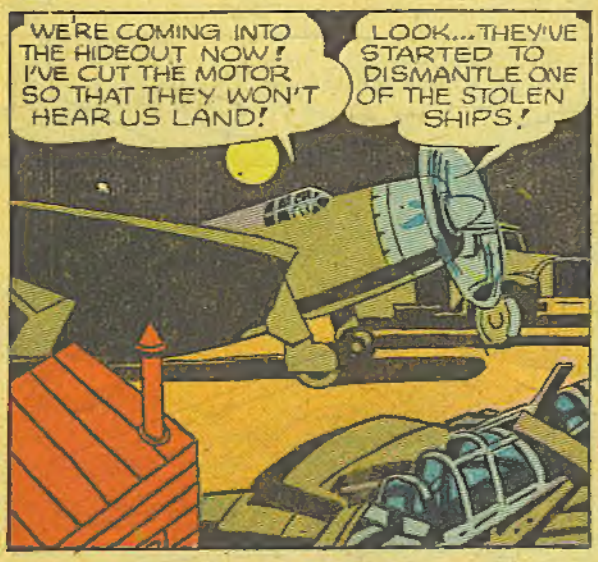
IT'S WORTH A PLANE TA GET RID OF DIS GUY ZATARA!

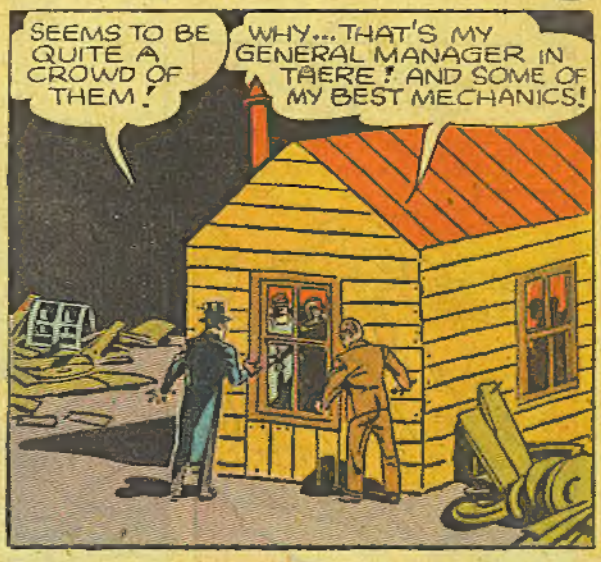

THE SHIP IS TAKING OFF AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY OR WE'LL CRASH!


IN ANOTHER MINUTE WE'LL HIT THAT MOUNTAIN! IF I CAN ONLY LOCATE THAT AUTOMATIC COMPASS!

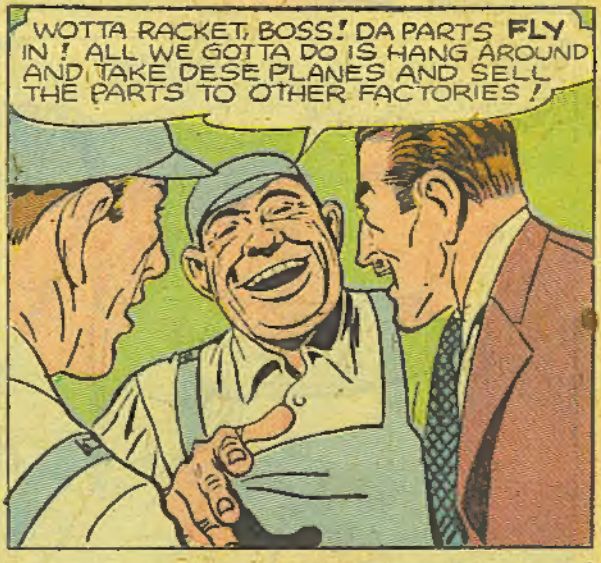

AH, HERE IT IS! NOW IF MY PLAN ONLY WORKS!
5


NO TIME TO GET RID OF THESE ROPES... BUT MY WRIST WATCH SHOULD TURN THE MAGNETIC DIRECTOR OF THIS MURDEROUS COMPASS!
HA... IT'S WORKING! THE PLANE IS VEERING!
NOW TO GET FREE AND BRING THE SHIP AROUND! THIS SHARP EDGE OF THE CABIN OUGHT TO MAKE A GOOD KNIFE!
WITH THIS MECHANICAL PILOT DETACHED, I CAN FLY ANY COURSE I CHOOSE... AND MY CHOICE IS BACK TO THE HIDEOUT OF THAT GANG!
YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. RAND?
I THINK SO... BUT WHAT HAPPENED? WE'RE FLYING AGAIN!
THOSE MURDERERS KNOCKED US OUT... THEN THEY SET THE AUTOMATIC COMPASS OF THE PLANE SO THAT WE'D CRASH INTO THE MOUNTAIN!
6

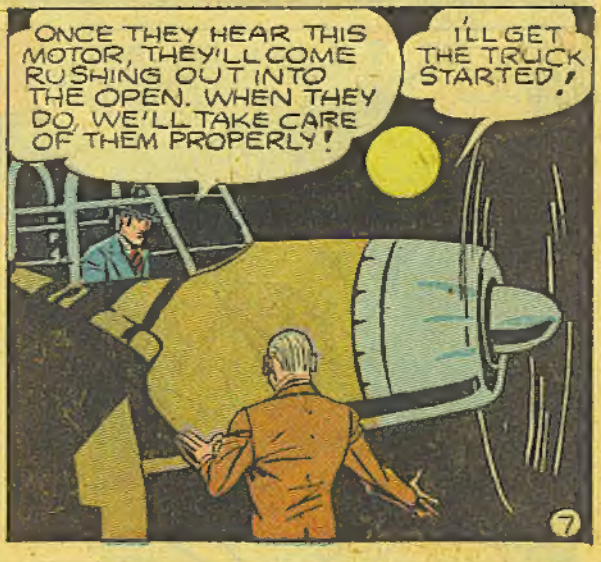

WE'RE COMING INTO THE HIDEOUT NOW! I'VE CUT THE MOTOR SO THAT THEY WON'T HEAR US LAND!
LOOK...THEY'VE STARTED TO DISMANTLE ONE OF THE STOLEN SHIPS!

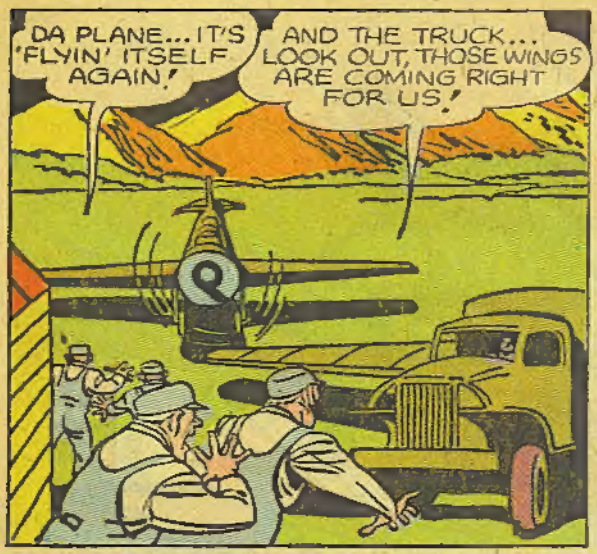

SEEMS TO BE QUITE A CROWD OF THEM!
WHY...THAT'S MY GENERAL MANAGER IN THERE! AND SOME OF MY BEST MECHANICS!

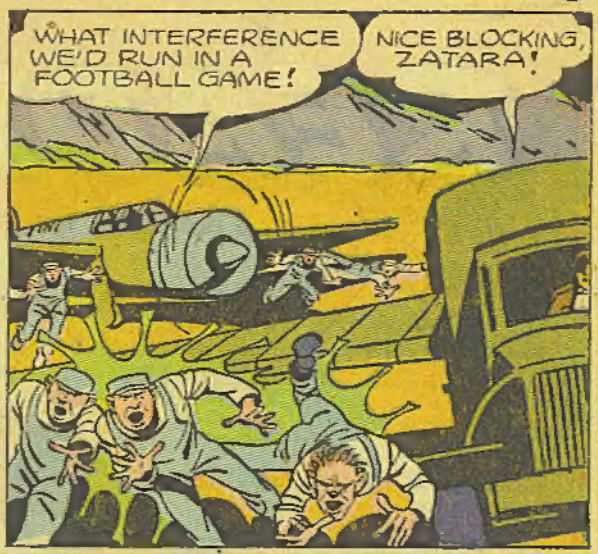
...SO I SENT ZATARA TO YOU! AND BY NOW, HE'S JUST A HEAP OF WRECKAGE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE! GOOD WORK, BOYS!
YEAH, NOTHIN' TA WORRY ABOUT NOW!


WOTTA RACKET, BOSS! DA PARTS FLY IN! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS HANG AROUND AND TAKE DESE PLANES AND SELL THE PARTS TO OTHER FACTORIES!

COME ON, MR. RAND... I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! HERE'S THE IDEA... I'LL TAKE THE PLANE AND YOU GET INTO THE TRUCK! WE'LL USE THE WINGS TO CLEAN UP THESE THUGS!


ONCE THEY HEAR THIS MOTOR, THEY'LL COME RUSHING OUT INTO THE OPEN. WHEN THEY DO, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM PROPERLY!
I'LL GET THE TRUCK STARTED!
7


DA PLANE... IT'S 'FLYIN' ITSELF AGAIN!
AND THE TRUCK... LOOK OUT, THOSE WINGS ARE COMING RIGHT FOR US!


WHAT INTERFERENCE WE'D RUN IN A FOOTBALL GAME!
NICE BLOCKING, ZATARA!

IT'S ZATARA... GET HIM BEFORE HE USES THAT MAGIC STUFF!
PORP BARG NEM! WORHT MEHT!

OOOHH... MY HEAD!
YOURS AIN'T SO SOFT, EITHER!

GNIW ETIB!
YOWW
STEAL ME AND TAKE ME APART, EH!
SABOTEURS!
TAKE THAT!

WE'LL CONFESS ALL... WE SOLD STOLEN PARTS... WE GIVE UP! ONLY CALL OFF DIS MAGIC!
I'LL PHONE THE POLICE...

NEXT DAY...
WELL, ZATARA, THANKS TO YOU, THE PLANES THAT FLY OUT OF HERE FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE A FAR MORE USEFUL DESTINATION...
AND THAT WILL BE OVERSEAS!

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